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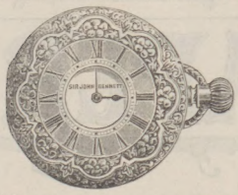

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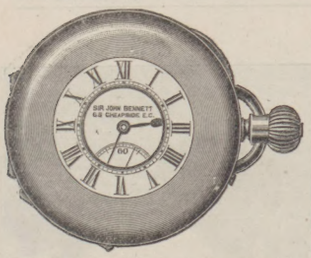

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All communications referring to Advertisements, Subscriptions, or General Business to be addressed to the Publisher, THOMAS FOX, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, London.

PERSONAL POLITICS

Sir Charles Dilke's Book.

THE political event of the week is, undoubtedly, not the delivery of a speech but the publication of a book. Sir Charles Dilke has left London for Paris, and afterwards for his charming little place in the South, after finishing his big book, "Problems of Greater Britain." I have not been able to do more than glance at the outlines of this monumental work, which has cost Sir Charles two years of hard work, fortified by travel. At first his idea was to rewrite that charming book of travel "Greater Britain," but he soon found the idea impracticable. The book was hopelessly out of date. So he abandoned the notion, substituting for it a detailed survey of the political problems of the Empire, every part of which he has visited three times over. Of course, he has peculiar qualifications for the task—no man living more. He has a vast acquaintance and correspondence with Colonial officials, and his house at Sloane-street is still a house of call for scores of men who pay no attention to the adverse verdict of a law-court, and still regard Sir Charles Dilke as one of the most important men in the

SIR CHARLES DILKE.

Empire. Add to his enormous knowledge his colossal power of work—he is never tired—his cool and lucid mind, singularly receptive of new ideas, but also practical and cautious in the highest degree, his passionate love of detail, and his capacity for government—and you have a perfectly ideal equipment for a book which I hope a good many readers of the *Penny Illustrated Paper* will, before many days are over, either be buying from Messrs. Macmillan or getting at the nearest library. Indeed, I have always felt it to be a real tragedy that Sir Charles is out of public life. Sit at a dinner-table, and he will charm you with discourse on any subject in creation—from a rare plant to an old picture, from boating to Socialism, from a story to a minute detail in political history which everybody but himself has forgotten. Was there ever such a mental endowment among our public men, Mr. Gladstone excepted? I doubt it.

Sir Charles and General Roberts.

The history of the dedication of the new *magnum opus*—which should be every Englishman's guide to the Empire—to Sir Frederick Roberts is interesting. Sir Frederick and Lady Roberts are two of Sir Charles and Lady Dilke's most attached and devoted friends. I think that it was with Lady Roberts that Lady Dilke, then Mrs. Pattison, was staying when she telegraphed her message of sympathy to Sir Charles. It was with Sir Frederick that Sir Charles performed his long and arduous ride along the North-Western frontier of India. One of Sir Charles's many specialties is his knowledge of strategy, of fortification, and, indeed, of all military questions. He is also an enthusiast for Imperial defence, and is very keen on the danger of Russian advances, and the necessity of guaranteeing our Empire by a reorganisation of our forces and a scheme for securing the North-Western frontier. In the Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army he has found a cordial ally as well as the fastest and most devoted of friends. It is this double bond of union—political and personal—which suggested the dedication to General Roberts.

Parnell v. the "Times."

So the *Times* has settled with Mr. Parnell for £5000. Well, it has not been a creditable business; and I think most Englishmen of all parties will be glad that it is over, or, at all events, that the main question has been disposed of. What a strange tragedy the whole affair has been, dating from its origin in the Phœnix Park murders! I wonder how many of my readers recall the strange scenes that occurred in London when the news of the death of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke arrived. At first, it was not believed. One of the first Clubs to hear it was the Carlton, the Tory headquarters. The Carlton folk sent next door to the Liberals at the Reform—then, of course, the Ministerial—Club. The Reform sent over to Lady Frederick Cavendish, and it was confirmed. Then, as the news spread, a great stream of men in evening dress, startled from dinner-table and reception, passed up Pall-mall, talking eagerly, but in low tones, and swept up the steps of the Reform and the Carlton. At the former club the most impressive figure was that of Mr. Forster—the great, gaunt, burly man—powerfully excited by the news, but suppressing outward signs of his emotion. Towards him every eye was directed. It was known that he had had a narrow escape from death, and people stared at him as at one risen from the dead. He sat apart, talking to a well-known journalist, and the crowd formed a silent semicircle round in the great hall. Presently there was another stir. Mr. Gladstone had entered. But when he saw the crowd he quietly stepped back and out again. Next day he went to church, as usual, and people felt a little calmer. But it was days before people recovered from the shock.

The Irish Leaders.

Not less overwhelmed than English politicians were the Irish Leaders. T. P. O'Connor heard the news as he landed from the steamer coming from New York. Henry George has described to me in vivid language the scene when the tidings reached Mr. Parnell and Mr. Davitt—the former's deep pallor and dreadful emotion; the latter's more tempestuous wrath and dismay. For days Mr. Parnell looked like a ghost, and a deep depression sat upon the Irish benches. Mr. Forster gave vent to the passionate belief of hundreds when he accused the Irish Leader in private and public of being responsible for the deed. Now the unhappy chapter is closed. It finished with Pigott's death. Whatever happens to the Irish question, it will always be a relief to think that Unionists no more than Gladstonians need have the smallest hesitation in acquitting the Irish Leader of the smallest complicity or sympathy with those atrocious deeds. We passed into a milder and more temperate zone in politics. There will, no doubt, be much bitterness, fierce recrimination, and strong language at the meeting of Parliament, when the last grains of the Pigott business are threshed out. We shall have motions for the commitment of the proprietor of the *Times* to the Tower, or at least for summoning him to the bar of the House, we shall have resolutions proposed (and opposed) for formally acquitting Mr. Parnell of the charges against him; but everybody must recognise that the worst bitterness of the controversy is past.

Lord Salisbury's Health.

Meanwhile, it is not unlikely that the Session may see some important changes in the *personnel* of the Government. Lord Salisbury's health is still a matter of concern to many of his friends, and I see the *Times* admits that the question of his ability to retain the two posts of Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary is of critical importance. This can only mean one thing—viz. that Lord Salisbury will retain the Foreign Secretaryship—in which all his pleasure lies, and for the work of which he has peculiar qualifications—and that Lord Hartington, when he has sufficiently recovered from his severe illness, will be Premier. I am not sure that this arrangement will not be forced upon the Government. There is no mistaking the fact that the strain between the two sections of the Unionist Party has of late been severe, and I am convinced that it will be difficult to preserve the present relations intact unless Lord Hartington exchanges his present rôle of adviser behind the throne to actual counsellor and director of a policy for which he has now only a kind of second-rate responsibility. Lord Hartington will, in other words, probably be the Premier who will appeal to the country, and not Lord Salisbury. In my opinion, he would make a good Premier, though I do not believe that the Ministry would go half as far in a Radical direction under Lord Hartington as they are likely to do under Lord Salisbury, who is much more pliable and less "Whiggish"—I use that word for want of a better—than the heir of the Devonshires.

Free Education.

Meanwhile, the great fight of the session will—after Pigott—be over Free Education. And here I fancy the Government will score, especially if the Liberals make the mistake of opposing free education unless the voluntary schools are either excluded or placed under public control. I do not think either of these alternatives will please the majority of the public, for they both imply the destruction of the voluntary system. But how can you reasonably propose such a thing when you already pay eightpence out of every tenpence which the parent who sends his child to voluntary or Board school would have to pay? There is no principle in the matter at all. However, the Liberal Party is not at all united on the question. The Irishmen will do nothing to damage the voluntary schools, and, though Radicals of the type of Mr. Halley Stewart, Mr. Picton, and Sir Henry Roscoe will insist on full control, Mr. Hunter and others who sit below the gangway will take a different line.

The House of Commons

will have next week another addition to the line of cheery chaplains which it has usually enjoyed. Mr. Byng, the old chaplain, was a pleasant dinner companion, and Mr. White, the new, is the same. He is a frequent diner-out, a good talker, and has a handsome face and excellent presence. He is greatly in vogue among the actors' profession, for the simple reason that during his chaplaincy he has married some hundreds of them.—THE SCENE-SHIFTER.

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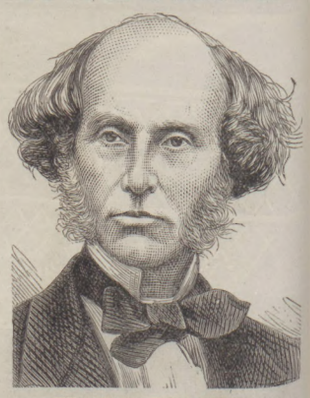
FACTS AND FACES.

Mr. Justice Manisty

"has passed away amid the affection and the esteem of all his companions." So said Sir Richard Webster, the Attorney-General, in the Lord Chief Justice's Court, on Monday last; and, with an earnest ring in his silvery voice, the Lord Chief Justice himself bore eloquent testimony to the late Judge's "wide learning, keen sense of duty, generous and warm heart, and unswerving and inflexible integrity." There can be no more gratifying reward than the hearty appreciation and approval of those who are the comrades of our life-work; and the tributes paid to the memory of Sir Henry Manisty by Lord Coleridge and Sir Richard Webster should offer the fullest measure of consolation to those the eminent Judge has left behind. Son of the late Vicar of Edlingham, Henry Manisty was born at that Northumbrian town in 1808, and was educated at Durham



THE LATE MR. JUSTICE MANISTY.

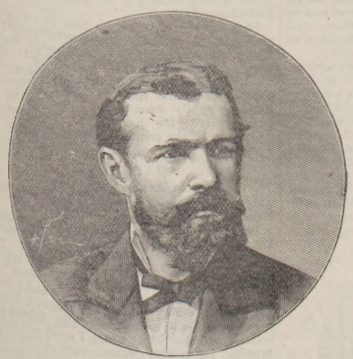
Grammar School. He practised first as a solicitor, but was called to the Bar at Gray's Inn in '45, and was appointed Judge in 1876. He was twice married. He was seized with paralysis on the bench on Jan. 24, and died at his house in Bryanston-square, full of years and honours, on the 31st. Sir Henry Manisty is portrayed as he appeared when first appointed Judge.

The British Museum.

The various galleries of the British Museum are now open until ten o'clock at night, and if I may judge from the "private view" they will prove much more attractive under the glow of the electric light than at any other time. But it will probably be a long time before the museum will be less private than at its private view. Some 2000 people were gathered together, and filled the Japanese, the Assyrian, and the Egyptian Rooms, enjoying, it may be, the antiquities, but certainly far more the actualities of modern life. There was Lord Coleridge, with his pretty young wife; there also were Mr. Henry James, the novelist, Mr. Lecky, the historian, and a whole host of celebrities. But, after all, the question arises, Is the museum much more

Available for the People

than before? and I fear that it is not. After a hard day's work, the prospect of studying Japanese art and Elgin marbles without any guidance whatsoever is not pleasing. We want a development of the practice initiated by my friend Dr. Stuart Poole in the archæological department,



M. GOUFFÉ.

A DRAMA in real life, as exciting as that which nightly interests the Haymarket audience, engrosses Paris. It is known as "L'Affaire Gouffé." If you "seek the woman," she is forthcoming in a pretty little brunetta of twenty-two, Gabrielle Bompard, a native of Lille. She has led a "fast life." Becoming, as she has avowed in court, a paramour of one Eyraud, formerly a distiller, now an adventurer (and thief and murderer, according to her account), she left him in America with a new companion, M. Garanger, who introduced her to the Paris police. Gabrielle Bompard has confessed that she acted as "decoy duck" to a Paris attorney named Gouffé, on whose knee she was sitting in a room at 3, Rue de la Tronson-Ducoudray, near the Madeleine, when her accomplice Eyraud drew a noose over his neck and strangled him. The body of Gouffé is alleged to have been placed by Eyraud in a large box made in the Euston-road—a repetition of the Chicago Clan-na-Gael tragedy—and the corpse was discovered in a country ditch in France. Is this ghastly story true? While the Paris police are absorbed in this question, the executors of M. Gouffé have offered a reward of 40,000f. for the apprehension of Eyraud, supposed to be in America.

EYRAUD, THE ACCUSED.

GABRIELLE BOMPARD, THE DECOY DUCK.

THE PARIS MURDER CASE.

trained and learned guides to the different objects of interest, and we want the Museum open to the public on Sunday afternoons. The labour difficulty has long been settled elsewhere. Give the attendants—a few of them who like—a whole day during the week in compensation for their lost half-day on Sunday, and you will reap abundant compensation in relieving the dreary Sunday of thousands of Londoners.

Sir William Gull, M.D.,

the eminent physician whom her Majesty created a Baronet for his skilful services in helping to cure the Prince of Wales of his severe attack of fever in 1872, died of paralysis, at his residence in Brook-street, on Jan. 29. Sir William, who was born at Thorpe-le-Soken, in Essex, on Dec. 31, 1816, was deservedly regarded as one of our foremost doctors. His ability is stamped on his portrait. In testimony of the warm regard and high esteem in which he was held, a large gathering followed his remains on Monday to their last resting-place in the churchyard of his birthplace, Thorpe-le-Soken, the chief mourner being his only son, Sir William Cameron Gull. The Prince was rightly represented: General Sir C. Teesdale was present at the funeral on behalf of his Royal Highness.

The Farningham Homes.

At Farningham, in Kent, pleasantly situated in the midst of beautiful scenery, there is a kind of model village where poor and destitute boys are brought up with all, or nearly all, the advantages of home life. Every cottage has its "mother," and the school arrangements are admirable, including, as they do, technical instruction of a practical and efficient character. Boots and clothes are made on the premises, and carpentering, printing, and gardening are taught. On Monday evening last there was a conversazione at the Mansion House on behalf of this institution. In the intervals of cake and conversation, muffins and music, the Lord Mayor made an earnest appeal on behalf of the Homes. The Earl of Aberdeen followed, and bore personal testimony to their excellence, and then good Mr. Benjamin Clarke, the energetic secretary, explained the success which had attended his work, and told of the careers which had been opened to Farningham boys, who but for the Homes would have been outcasts from Society.

THE PROMPTER.

MUSIC & THE DRAMA

Miss Cissy Grahame

played with such witching grace the part of the heroine in a touching little one-act drama Mr. Jerome K. Jerome produced at the Comedy a short time ago that I am not at all surprised to find this charming and graceful addition to the ranks of London Managaresses has done Mr. Jerome the honour to commence her direction of Terry's Theatre with a new farcical comedy from his pen, "New Lamps for Old." This clever

MISS CISSY GRAHAME.

young author has done such good work, both as dramatist, story-teller (read his mirth-moving "Three Men in a Boat"), and as literary stage-censor, that his well-wishers have reason to expect that his new three-act piece (due to-night at Terry's) will be successful. To secure this desirable end, Miss Cissy Grahame has not only decided to perform in the new comedy herself, but has also engaged one of the very drollest comedians on any stage, Mr. W. S. Penley—a host in himself; and has likewise included Miss Gertrude Kingston, Miss Houston, Mr. W. Lestocq, Mr. F. Kerr, and Mr. Bernard Gould in her company. The curtain-raiser will be (Mr. Brickwell informs me) a miniature rustic play, very strongly cast. I should say that Miss Grahame is portrayed from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

Handsome George Edwardes of the blonde moustache is to be congratulated upon his

triumphant management, which not only secures wonderful runs for the brilliantly mounted Gaiety burlesque dramas, but also commands an extraordinary measure of success at the Empire Theatre of Varieties. Perennial Miss Farren, lissom and light-hearted as she was twenty-five years ago, and versatile Fred Leslie, author, actor, and singer too, to say nothing of his quaint dancing, remain the bright particular stars of "Ruy Blas; or, the Blasé Roué," at the Gaiety. This favourite burlesque theatre, the glories of which have been fairly revived by Mr. Edwardes, was literally crammed the night I last looked in; and the racy burlesque of romantic Spain, with Cockney flavouring by Leslie, never went better. You may safely count upon a merry evening at the Gaiety.

Mr. George Alexander, the good-looking hero of the successful Adelphi drama of "London Day by Day," has begun his management of the Avenue well. First, let me offer congratulations to the retiring lessee, Mr. George Paget, who was presented by urbane Mr. D'Albert-son with a silver bowl in token of the late Avenue company's high esteem. I am not prepared to say that Mr. Hamilton Aïdé's skilful adaptation of "Dr. Bill," from the French of young Michael Carré's "Dr. Jo Jo," is quite so full of laughter-impelling humour as some critics have said. The situations, farcical enough, need to be naturalised to equal (say) the best specimens of farcical comedy by Pinero. Still, there is plenty of entertainment—ay, and money too—in "Dr. Bill." We have most of us heard of "theatrical doctors"; and the Avenue omelette jerks a reformed member of the species into the most embarrassing relationships, quite professional, with a brace of his former stage acquaintances. Thus Dr. Brown is no sooner caught by his wife and domestic circle dancing "the kangaroo" with a burlesque actress of terpsichorean proclivities than he is plunged head over heels into a sea of difficulties with a fair opposite neighbour, Mrs. Horton. Miss Fanny Brough, as this coquettish, mercurial Mrs. Horton, is the mainstay of the piece, and acts with so much briskness and comic *verve* throughout as to secure its success. It would spoil the fun to relate by what skilfully contrived a chain of circumstances Dr. Brown, his "masher" friend, his wife, his hysterical mother-in-law, and fussy father-in-law are one and all involved in inextricable confusion. Laughter long and loud greets the jocular close of this capital second act, thanks to the cleverness of the surprises, and to the excellent acting of Miss Fanny Brough, as aforesaid, of Mr. Fred Terry as Dr. Bill, Mr. Benjamin Webster as the smiling "masher," Miss E. Robins as the jealous wife, and Miss Marie Linden, Miss Carlotta Leclercq, and Miss Edith Kenward. See "Dr. Bill," and be in time for Mr. F. W. Broughton's charming opening piece, "Fool's Mate," of which Gracie Murielle carries off the honours.

Miss Charlotte Morland and Miss Florence Bright announce a matinée on Tuesday, Feb. 18, at the Comedy Theatre, when a new comedy-drama will be produced, entitled "Quicksands," which is adapted from Mrs. Lovett Cameron's admirable novel "A Devout Lover." A number of popular artists will appear, including Miss Dorothy Dene and Mr. Frank Cooper. The play will be preceded by a new comedietta, "Tabitha's Courtship," by Eva and Florence Bright. The latter lady and Miss Morland have both written several smart little pieces for the stage.

THESPIS.

Peter Kemp (we learn from Melbourne) has accepted Neil Matterson's challenge to row him for the sculling championship of the world. The match has been arranged for April next, to be rowed on the Parramatta, for £200 a side.

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CHAPTER XL.

FICTION: ATTEMPTED BY MY LORD.

THE day on which the doctor took his newly appointed nurse with him to the hospital became an occasion associated with distressing recollections in the memory of Iris.

In the morning, Fanny Mere had asked for leave to go out. For some time past this request had been so frequently granted, with such poor results so far as the maid's own designs were concerned, that Lady Harry decided on administering a tacit reproof, by means of a refusal. Fanny made no attempt at remonstrance; she left the room in silence.

Half an hour later, Iris had occasion to ring for her attendant. The bell was answered by the cook—who announced, in explanation of her appearance, that Fanny Mere had gone out. More distressed than displeased by this reckless disregard of her authority, on the part of a woman who had hitherto expressed the most grateful sense of her kindness, Iris only said: "Send Fanny to me as soon as she comes back."

Two hours passed before the truant maid returned.

"I refused to let you go out this morning," Lady Harry said; "and you have taken the liberty of leaving the house for two hours. You might have made me understand, in a more becoming manner, that you intended to leave my service."

Steadily respectful, Fanny answered: "I don't wish to leave your ladyship's service."

"Then what does your conduct mean?"

"It means, if you please, that I had a duty to do—and did it."

"A duty to yourself?" Iris asked.

"No, my lady; a duty to you."

As she made that strange reply the door was opened, and Lord Harry entered the room. When he saw Fanny Mere he turned away again, in a hurry, to go out. "I didn't know your maid was with you," he said. "Another time will do."

His permitting a servant to be an obstacle in his way, when he wished to speak to his wife, was a concession so entirely unbecoming in the master of the house, and so strangely contrary to his customary sense of what was due to himself, that Iris called him back in astonishment. She looked at her maid, who at once understood her, and withdrew. "What can you possibly be thinking of?" she said to her husband, when they were alone. Putting that question, she noticed an embarrassment in his manner, and an appearance of confusion in his face, which alarmed her. "Has something happened?" she asked; "and is it so serious that you hesitate to mention it to me?"

Shrinking, honestly shrinking, from the bare possibility of another quarrel, he found it difficult to communicate to Iris that Vimpany had arranged to give up his bed-room in the cottage to a patient from one of the French hospitals.

The extraordinary disclosure which she extracted from him produced a stupefying effect on her mind. Her customary sympathy with him, her subtle womanly observation of his character, her intimate knowledge of his merits and his defects, failed to find the rational motive which might have explained his conduct. She looked round at him with mingled feelings of perplexity and distrust.

She was asked to believe that a new system of medical practice had been invented by such a person as Mr. Vimpany. She was asked to believe that an invalid from a foreign hospital, who was a perfect stranger to Lord Harry, had been willingly made welcome to a bed-room at the cottage. She was asked to believe that this astounding concession had been offered to the doctor as a tribute of friendship, after her husband had himself told her that he regretted having invited Vimpany, for the second time, to become his guest. Here was one improbable circumstance accumulated on another, and a clever woman was expected to accept the monstrous excuses thus produced as a trustworthy statement of facts. Irresistibly, the dread of some evil deed in secret contemplation cast its darkening presence on the wife's mind. Lord Harry's observation had not misled him when he saw Iris turn pale, and when the doubt was forced on him whether he might not have frightened her.

Out in the pure air, under the bright sky, she might breathe more freely. "Come to the flowers," she said.

They went to the garden together—the wife fearing the deceitful husband, the husband fearing the quick-witted wife.

Watching each other like two strangers, they walked silently side by side, and looked now and then at the collection of flowers and plants. Iris noticed a delicate fern which had fallen away from the support to which it had been attached. She stopped, and occupied herself in restoring it to its place. When she looked round again, after attending to the plant, her husband had disappeared.

Watching each other like two strangers, they walked silently side by side, and looked now and then at the collection of flowers and plants.

She entered the cottage. Now in one room, and now in another, she searched for Lord Harry: he was nowhere to be found. Had he purposely gone out to avoid her?

After an interval—whether it was a long or a short lapse of time she was unable to decide—someone gently opened the door. Had her husband felt for her? Had he returned? "Come in!" she cried eagerly—"come in!"

CHAPTER XLI.

FACT: RELATED BY FANNY.

The person who now entered the room was Fanny Mere.

But one interest was stirring in the mind of Iris now. "Do you know where your master is?" she asked.

"I saw him go out," the maid replied. "Which way I didn't particularly notice." She was on the point of adding, "and I didn't particularly care," when she checked herself. "Yesterday and to-day, my lady, things have come to my knowledge which I must not keep to myself," the resolute woman continued. "It is a servant may say such a thing without offence, I have never been so truly my mistress's friend as I am now. I beg you to forgive my boldness: there is a reason for it."

So she spoke, with no presumption in her looks, with no familiarity in her manner. The eyes of her friendless mistress filled with tears: the offered hand of her friendless mistress answered in silence. Fanny took that kind hand and pressed it respectfully—a more demonstrative woman than herself might perhaps have kissed it. She only said "Thank you, my lady," and went on with what she felt it her duty to relate.

As carefully as usual, as quietly as usual, she repeated a conversation she had overheard at Lord Harry's table; describing also the manner in which Mr. Vimpany had discovered her as a person who understood the French language, and who had cunningly kept it a secret. In this serious state of things, the doctor—yes, the doctor himself!—had interfered to protect her from the anger of her master, and, more wonderful still, for a reason which it seemed to be impossible to dispute. He wanted a nurse for the foreigner whose arrival was expected on that evening, and he had offered the place to Fanny. "Your ladyship will, I hope, excuse me; I have taken the place."

This amazing end to the strange events which had just been narrated proved to be more than Iris was immediately capable of understanding. "I am in the dark," she confessed. "Is Mr. Vimpany a bolder villain even than I have supposed him to be?"

"That he most certainly is!" Fanny said with strong conviction. "As to what he really has in his wicked head when he engaged me, I shall find that out in time. Anyway, I am the nurse who is to help him. When I disobeyed you this morning, my lady, it was to go to the hospital with Mr. Vimpany. I was taken to see the person whose nurse I am to be. A poor feeble polite creature, who looked as if he couldn't hurt a fly—and yet I promise you he startled me. I saw a likeness, the moment I looked at him."

"A likeness to anybody whom I know?" Iris asked.

"To the person in all the world, my lady, whom you know most nearly—a likeness to my master."

"What!"

"Oh, it's no fancy; I am sure of what I say. To my mind, that Danish man's likeness to my lord is (if you will excuse my language) a nasty circumstance. I don't know why or wherefore; all I can say is, I don't like it; and I sha'n't rest until I have found out what it means. Besides this, my lady, I must know the reason why they want to get you out of their way. Please to keep up your heart; I shall warn you in time, when I am sure of the danger."

Iris refused to sanction the risk involved in this desperate design. "It's *you* who will be in danger!" she exclaimed.

In her coolest state of obstinacy, Fanny answered: "That's in your ladyship's service—and that doesn't reckon."

Feeling gratefully this simple and sincere expression of attachment, Iris held to her own opinion nevertheless.

"You are in my service," she said; "I won't let you go to Mr. Vimpany. Give it up, Fanny! Give it up!"

"I'll give it up, my lady, when I know what the doctor means to do—not before."

The assertion of authority having failed, Iris tried persuasion next.

"As your mistress, it is my duty to set you an example," she resumed. "One of us must be considerate and gentle in a dispute—let me try to be that one. There can be no harm, and there may be some good, in consulting the opinion of a friend; some person in whose discretion we can trust."

"Am I acquainted with the person your ladyship is thinking of?" Fanny inquired. "In that case, a friend will know what we want of her by to-morrow morning. I have written to Mrs. Vimpany."

"The very person I had in my mind, Fanny! When may we expect to hear from her?"

"If Mrs. Vimpany can put what she has to say to us into few words," Fanny replied, "we shall hear from her to-morrow by telegraph."

As she answered her mistress in those cheering words they were startled by a heavy knock at the door of the room. Under similar circumstances Lord Harry's delicate hand would have been just loud enough to be heard, and no more. Iris called out suspiciously, "Who's there?"

The doctor's gross voice answered: "Can I say a word, if you please, to Fanny Mere?"

The maid opened the door. Mr. Vimpany's heavy hand laid hold of her arm, pulled her over

1. Archbishop Benson's Court at Lambeth Palace. 2. The Bishop of Lincoln (Dr. King).

THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN BROUGHT TO BOOK BEFORE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

the threshold, and closed the door behind her. After a brief absence, Fanny returned with news of my lord.

A commissioner had arrived with a message for the doctor: and Fanny was charged to repeat it or not, just as she thought right under the circumstances. Lord Harry was in Paris. He had been invited to to the theatre with some friends, and to return with them to supper. If he was late in getting home, he was anxious that my lady should not be made uneasy. The husband evidently had his motives for avoiding another interview with the wife. Iris was left alone, to think over that discovery. Fanny had received orders to prepare the bed-room for the doctor's patient.

CHAPTER XLII.

MAN AND WIFE.

Towards evening, the Dane was brought to the cottage.

A feeling of pride which forbade any display of curiosity, strengthened perhaps by an irresistible horror of Vimpany, kept Iris in her room. Nothing but the sound of footsteps, outside, told her when the suffering man was taken to his bed-chamber on the same floor. She was afterwards informed by Fanny that the doctor turned down the lamp in the corridor, before the patient was helped to ascend the stairs, as a means of preventing the mistress of the house from plainly seeing the stranger's face, and recognising the living likeness of her husband.

The hours advanced—the bustle of domestic life sank into silence—everybody but Iris rested quietly in bed.

Through the wakeful night the sense of her situation oppressed her sinking spirits. Mysteries that vaguely threatened danger made their presence felt, and took their dark way through her thoughts. The cottage, in which the first happy days of her marriage had been passed, might ere long be the scene of some evil deed, provoking the lifelong separation of her husband and herself:

The hours of the early morning came, and still she listened in vain for the sound of my lord's footstep on the stairs; still she failed to hear the cautious opening of his dressing-room door. Leaving her chair, Iris rested on the bed. As time advanced, exhaustion mastered her: she slept.

Awaking at a late hour, she rang for Fanny Mere. The master had just returned. He had missed the latest night-train to Passy, and, rather than waste money on hiring a carriage at that hour, he had accepted the offer of a bed at the house of his friends. He was then below-stairs, hoping to see Lady Harry at breakfast.

His wife joined him.

Not even at the time of the honeymoon had the Irish lord been a more irresistibly agreeable man than he was on that memorable morning. His apologies for having failed to return at the right time were little masterpieces of grace and gaiety. The next best thing to having been present at the theatrical performance of the previous night was to hear his satirical summary of the story of the play, contrasting delightfully with his critical approval of the fine art of the actors. The time had been when Iris would have resented such merciless trifling with serious interests as this. In those earlier and better days, she would have reminded him affectionately of her claim to be received into his confidence—she would have tried all that tact and gentleness and patience could do to win his confession of the ascendency exercised over him by his vile friend—and she would have used the utmost influence of her love and her resolution to disunite the fatal fellowship which was leading him to his ruin.

But Iris Henley was Lady Harry now.

She was sinking—as Mrs. Vimpany had feared, as Mountjoy had foreseen—lower and lower on the descent to her husband's level. With a false appearance of interest in what he was saying, she waited for her chance of matching him with his own weapons of audacious deceit.

He ignorantly offered her the opportunity—setting the same snare to catch his wife which she herself had it in contemplation to use for entrapping her husband into a confession of the truth.

"Ah, well—I have said more than enough of my last night's amusement," he confessed. "It's your turn now, my dear. Have you had a look at the poor fellow whom the doctor is going to cure?" he asked abruptly; eager to discover whether she had noticed the likeness between Oxbye and himself.

Her eyes rested on him attentively. "I have not yet seen the person you allude to," she answered. "Is Mr. Vimpany hopeful of his recovery?"

He took out his case, and busied himself in choosing a cigar. In the course of his adventurous life he had gained some knowledge of the effect of his own impetuous temper on others, and of difficulties which he had experienced when circumstances rendered it necessary to keep his face in a state of discipline.

"Oh, there's no reason for anxiety!" he said, with an over-acted interest in examining his cigar. "Mr. Oxbye is in good hands."

"People do sometimes sink under an illness," she quietly remarked.

Without making any reply he took out his matchbox. His hand trembled a little; he failed at the first attempt to strike a light.

"And doctors sometimes make mistakes," Iris went on.

He was still silent. At the second attempt, he succeeded with the match, and lit his cigar.

"Suppose Mr. Vimpany made a mistake," she persisted. "In the case of this stranger, it might lead to deplorable results."

Lord Harry lost his temper, and with it his colour.

"What the devil do you mean?" he cried.

"I might ask, in my turn," she said, "what have I done to provoke an outbreak of temper? I only made a remark."

At that critical moment, Fanny Mere entered the room with a telegram in her hand.

"For you, my lady."

Iris opened the telegram. The message was signed by Mrs. Vimpany, and was expressed in these words: "You may feel it your duty to go to your father. He is dangerously ill."

Lord Harry saw a sudden change in his wife's face that roused his guilty suspicions. "Is it anything about me?" he asked.

Iris handed the telegram to him in silence. Having looked at it, he desired to hear "what her wishes were."

"The telegram expresses my wishes," she said. "Have you any objection to my leaving you?"

"None whatever," he answered eagerly. "Go, by all means."

If it had still been possible for her to hesitate, that reply would have put an end to all further doubt. She turned away to leave the room. He followed her to the door.

"I hope you don't think there is any want of sympathy on my part," he said. "You are quite right to go to your father. That was all I meant." He was agitated, honestly agitated, while he spoke. Iris saw it, and felt it gratefully. She was on the point of making a last appeal to his confidence, when he opened the door for her. "Don't let me detain you," he said. His voice faltered; he suddenly turned aside before she could look at him.

When were they to meet again? And how?

(To be continued.)

LEGAL COLUMN

["*Lex*" *will be happy to answer simple questions of Law put to him concisely by readers of* "*The Penny Illustrated Paper.*"]

ANSWERS.

HISTON, 60, had better try the experiment of an ejectment summons. But write the tenant first, and attend and demand compensation.

TWENTY-ONE YEARS SUBSCRIBER had better take a promissory note for what it is worth. But in the event of the husband's bankruptcy no doubt the claim would have to be proved. It might be held good if the money were at date of loan the separate property of the wife and really passed, and was not a gift. But creditors and law-courts look with suspicion on such transactions, and the wife must be prepared to contest the matter.

SALOP.—This seems to be a foolish quarrel about a trivial matter as to who shall pay a penny for a receipt stamp. It would be a great pity to go on in the County Court. Settle the summons by paying the amount admitted to be due into Court, with the proper costs, which would only be about three shillings.

TYLER.—If the house and furniture were bought with your money, or money given to you by husband, and you can prove this, in the event of your husband's creditors claiming the goods you will be quite safe so long as your husband does not use the goods in his trade or business.

H. H.—We do not understand your question. If the father died intestate his son could claim the freehold land which the father had inherited from the grandfather. But if the land, as you say, "could not be sold," that must be a temporary restriction upon freedom of sale depending upon some written instrument, probably a will or settlement, and the descent of the freehold land will then be controlled by the terms of the instrument.

F. G. M.—You say the place is taken upon an agreement. If the agreement is properly drawn it contains a provision for re-entry on non-payment of rent; but, as you say there is "swindling" involved in this case, you had better consult a solicitor.

A CONSTANT READER wishes to know if a man assisting his father in his business, the father providing him with board and lodging, can set up in business and sue his father for "arrears of wages." There does not appear to be any agreement whatever upon which to base such a claim. The young man must, therefore, yield to the claims of filial piety, and not expect the wages, for no law-court would be likely to give them to him.

A. TURNER.—We are afraid your claim is statute-barred, having regard to the lapse of time, and even if not, should the cheque have been sent to you, as it apparently was, in settlement, and cashed by you, a jury would probably find that you had thus agreed and settled the matter with the defendant. Send no more post-cards to debtors.

W. G. W. wishes to know whether, having left his former residence with some plants in the garden, and a quarter's rent in arrear, he can refuse to pay the full quarter's rent by reason of the plants left in the garden, although there was no agreement between himself and the landlord as to an allowance for the plants. W. G. W. must pay his full quarter's rent if the landlord insists upon it.

A READER.—The land will go to the daughter.

JOHN WHITE asks questions as to his rights and remedies in respect of a deed executed by direction of a County Court, and the statement of facts contained in his letter is very complicated. We are afraid it is quite impossible to advise on such a matter as this. John White must consult a solicitor, and show him a copy of the deed. LEX.

COMPANY PROMOTER IN PARIS.

SHE: "Oh, Henry, it's very easy to see why you didn't enjoy the Paris Exhibition. You wouldn't enter into what was going on. You wouldn't leave your native prejudices and ideas of life behind you. While you were in Paris you should have done as the Parisians did."

Henry: "Good Heavens, how could I? A man can't swindle and rob himself, can he?"

Though you:—
Rub! Rub! Rub!
And you:—
Scrub! Scrub! Scrub!
You'll find that
It's not in your power
In the old-fashioned way
To do in a day
What HUDSON'S
Will do in an hour.
Linen, Shirts, Collars, Sheets, Table-Cloths, &c., keep a good colour if washed regularly with HUDSON'S EXTRACT OF SOAP.—A pure, dry Soap in fine powder. Hudson's leaves no smell.—[ADVT.]

HOW THE WORLD WAGS

THE QUEEN will return to Windsor, according to present arrangements, on Tuesday, Feb. 18, and will remain there until Tuesday, March 25, when she intends to proceed to the Continent for a month. The Queen is to come to Buckinghani Palace for two days during her stay at Windsor, for the purpose of holding a Drawingroom.

The Queen will hold the usual Council at Osborne to-day (Saturday) for the purpose of putting her signature to the Speech to be read at the opening of Parliament.

The Empress Frederick has had a narrow escape from a serious carriage accident. At the corner of a street in Berlin her horses shied and ran away. The shaft struck against a tree, and the coachman was thrown from the box, but without sustaining any injury.

The Prince of Wales left Marlborough House on Monday afternoon for Sandringhom, and rejoined the Princess of Wales.

The Prince has expressed through his secretary his sympathy with the idea of working-men magistrates. His Royal Highness does not, however, possess the privilege of nominating anyone to the magisterial bench, as the selection rests alone with the Lord Lieutenant of the county.

Prince Albert Victor on Jan. 31 visited the Khyber Pass, and subsequently presented the medals for the Black Mountain Expedition to the men of the Khyber Rifles who took part in it.

A fire broke out early last Monday morning in the residence, at Washington, of Mr. Tracy, the Secretary for the U.S. Navy. His unmarried daughter and a maid servant perished. Mrs. Tracy was rescued, half-suffocated, and died a few minutes later. Mr. Tracy was carried out unconscious, but revived later in the day. A married daughter and her child leaped from a second-floor window, and sustained some bodily injuries. The house was burned out.

The Lisbon correspondent of the *Daily News* says that forty English clerks settled in the Portuguese capital have just been discharged, and are absolutely destitute. They have asked the Consul to send them home, but he has no funds for that purpose.

The Duke of Cambridge, it is rumoured, talks of resigning the office of Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief.

Mr. Benzon, the Jubilee Plunger, has been under arrest in the Riviera for alleged fraud. His friends in England seem disposed to leave him to his fate, but some sporting friends at Nice are finding money for his defence.

There is some talk of the one-pound note being put in circulation shortly. Any number of them would be welcome in this quarter.

Mr. Parnell's action for libel against the *Times* was settled on Monday. A jury having been sworn, Mr. Asquith stated that Mr. Parnell would accept a verdict in his favour with £5000 damages, and, as counsel for the defendant assented to this, a verdict was returned accordingly, with the damages agreed upon. The Lord Chief Justice, in giving judgment, certified for a special jury. The record in the action brought by Mr. H. Campbell, M.P., against the same paper was withdrawn. One of the *P.I.P.* artists sketched Mr. Asquith as he very briefly made the announcement respecting Mr. Parnell. Later on, the same Artist was able also to sketch MM. Barnum and Bailey during the hearing of the "White Elephant" case in the same court. This action was brought by Mr. F. Trotman to recover £250 advanced to Mr. J. R. Davis, who some years ago was in this country in charge of a "sacred" white elephant from Burmah, belonging to Mr. Barnum. Davis had since died, and the question at issue was whether this was a loan to him personally or as the agent of Mr. Barnum. Conflicting evidence was given on this point, and the hearing was adjourned. A little incident in the Lord Chief Justice's Court on Monday was the meeting of Mr. Parnell and Mr. Barnum, who, having been introduced, apparently for the first time, engaged for some time in pleasant conversation.

Crewe has been the scene of a painful tragedy. A tradesman named Davies, riding home to the neighbouring village of Hough, was murdered on the road. At first it was thought to be an ordinary case of robbery with violence, but the two sons of the deceased, Richard and George, aged eighteen and sixteen, have confessed to participating in the shocking deed. "The cause we had for it," says Richard, "was because he was such a bad father—not to me exactly, but to George and the rest—and a bad husband to mother, for they have been very nearly starved sometimes, for he would neither buy them coal for the fire nor meat to eat, when he was in a bad temper; but, may the Lord forgive us, we never thought what a crime we were committing, nor the consequences of it, and I hope the law will deal mercifully with me and George. We don't deserve it, I know, but let it be for the sake of mother and my little brothers. Spare one of us for them."

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Earl Granville, the Earl of Rosebery, and Sir William Harcourt (it will be observed from the Sketch of a *P.I.P.* Artist) attended the pretty wedding of Mr. Henry Gladstone and comely Miss Maud Rendel, second daughter of Mr. Stuart Rendel, M.P., at St. Margaret's Church, on Jan. 31. Mr. Herbert Gladstone, M.P., best-looking member of the Gladstone family, was "best man" to his brother Henry, who is the fourth son of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. Mr. Henry Gladstone belongs to the Indian firm of Ogilvy, Gillander, and Co., and is an active sportsman in the best sense of the term. At the marriage ceremony Archdeacon Farrar officiated, assisted by the Rev. Stephen Gladstone (another son of Mr. Gladstone), Rector of Hawarden, and the Rev. E. Talbot, Vicar of Leeds. The service was fully choral, commencing with the processional hymn "Now thank we all our God." The eight bridesmaids were Miss Daphne Rendel, Miss Clare Rendel, Miss Constance Rendel, Miss Angela Kay-Shuttleworth, Miss Noble, Miss Lushington, Miss Wickham, and the Hon. Sarah Lyttelton. They were attired in ivory silk poplin gowns, trimmed with ribbon velvet and Irish point lace. Each wore as ornaments a green enamel brooch, forming a true lover's knot, with pearl centre, the gift of the bridegroom, and carried a large bouquet of green foliage with lilies-of-the-valley. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a rich cream gros grain silk, brocaded in a beautiful design of Ceanothus azureus, with draped front of mimosa crêpe lisse. The Court train was ornamented with orange-blossoms. Mrs. Gladstone wore a dress of dark terra-cotta velvet, elaborately trimmed with point lace, with bonnet to match. The bride's mother was attired in a handsome costume of dark-green Irish poplin and Lyons velvet, with bonnet en suite. The presents numbered about three hundred.

MR. HENRY GLADSTONE'S MARRIAGE TO MISS RENDEL AT ST. MARGARET'S.

Mr. Gladstone was sketched at Oxford by yet another *P.I.P.* artist. The day after his son's wedding, the G.O.M. left his town house in St. James's-square, and drove to Paddington Station, where he took the 4.45 train for Oxford. On arriving there he drove in Sir William Anson's carriage to All Souls' College. There the right hon. gentleman resumed the studies of his youth with marvellous zest for a man of eighty. He occupies the rooms of Mr. H. O. Wakeman, in All Souls' College. On Sunday morning he read the lessons at the Cathedral before a numerous congregation; and he promised to give a discourse on Homer on Wednesday afternoon at the Union Society.

The Bishop of Lincoln is portrayed on the preceding page being "brought to book" before Dr. Benson, his ecclesiastical chief. The Archbishop of Canterbury, accompanied by the Bishops of London, Oxford, Rochester, Salisbury, and Hereford (as assessors), and his Vicar-General, Sir James Parker Deane, Q.C., opened his court on Tuesday, in the Library of Lambeth Palace, to hear the allegations made against the Bishop of Lincoln as to certain ritualistic practices. The Bishop of Lincoln is charged at the instance of the promoters, Messrs. Read and others, members of the Church of England in the diocese of Lincoln, with having on two occasions in December 1887, when officiating as Bishop and the principal celebrant in the administration of the Holy Communion, been party to and taken part in the observance of certain unlawful rites and ceremonies—viz. the using and permitting to be used lighted candles on the Communion table when not wanted for light, mixing water with the Sacramental wine, &c. The promoters, therefore, pray the Archbishop to pronounce that the Bishop has offended the ecclesiastical laws and canons, and to pass sentence upon him.

The Bishop (Dr. King), in reply, first raised an objection to the right of the Archbishop to try him, and claimed to be tried by the Synod of the Province of Canterbury. That point having been argued at great length last year and overruled, the Bishop subsequently filed a "responsive plea," in which his Lordship practically denied that the acts complained of are illegal, or that he had offended. That is the issue now before his Grace the Archbishop.

ATHLETES FIND INVALUABLE
ATHLETES FOR TRAINING PURPOSES.
ATHLETES FOR TRAINING PURPOSES.
ATHLETES FOR TRAINING PURPOSES.
ATHLETES FOR TRAINING PURPOSES.
ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.
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ALL MEN FIND INVALUABLE
ALL MEN SOME TIME OR OTHER
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ALL MEN SOME TIME OR OTHER
ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.
ELLIMAN'S FOR RHEUMATISM.
ELLIMAN'S FOR LUMBAGO, SPRAINS.
ELLIMAN'S FOR CUTS, BRUISES, CHEST COLDS.
ELLIMAN'S FOR SORE THROATS FROM COLD.
ELLIMAN'S FOR STIFFNESS FROM OVER-EXERTION.
ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.
1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. Prepared only by
ELLIMAN, SONS, and CO., Slough, England.

THE RACING WORLD

As I was afraid that I might not be able to get a *Racing* (sheet) *Calendar* to Warwick, where I was obliged to go to see the steeplechasing, early enough to use for this week's notes, I abandoned the idea of presenting my readers with an analysis of the Grand National, City and Suburban, and Lincolnshire Handicaps. I might, you see, deal with them in anticipation of the acceptances, but then I might be wasting valuable space on horses whose names appeared in the current *Calendar's* list of non-contents, or, at any rate, did not appear in the schedule of contents. Under the circumstances, I exercised a wise discretion—at least, so I believe—in letting the handicaps in question go for yet another week. I do so the more willingly because I want space just now for

An Earnest Warning

to readers of the *Penny Illustrated Paper* not to be led away by advertising tipsters and some advertising betting agents. Do you know that this is a very serious subject indeed—far more serious than most of my friends would guess? As regards the tipsters, they do not so much matter, because, however specious they may be, they cannot get money out of clients long if they do not find winners for them. For a while they may delude, but their reign is bound to be short if it is unsuccessful. There are a few of them honest, hardworking men who do this sermonette, let me beg readers to use great care in selecting commission agents. Take my advice, friends, and deal if you can with local bookmakers of whose stability you are sure. Nearly all the new firms, not bearing well-known names such as the good ones Valentine, Wright, Hart, Webster, Crook, &c., are to the turf market as is the

Bucket Shop to the Stock Exchange.

There is no reason why a bucket-shop keeper should not be straight, neither is there why the newly advertised turf commissioners should not deal fairly with their clients. Still, no one will attempt to gainsay the fact that, as a rule, the patron of the bucket shopman finds him a very expensive acquaintance; while the wrong sort of advertising racing agent is not only costly as absorbing his client's capital, but too frequently makes himself an incubus not to be dislodged by anyone of very bold nerve indeed. I promised a tip last week. Verily, I have tried to give one now.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME

The Oxford Eight

undoubtedly attracts the most attention from the general public because of the fact that Cambridge have now won four times in succession, and one has become accustomed to look upon Mr. Muttlebury as an experienced and astute judge, who is sure to and coaches find it very difficult to proceed along the towpath.

Horseback

is the usual method adopted, but it is decidedly necessary that the steed should be good at water, which very often he is not. There are always plenty of willing hands to bring into play the various known methods for inducing recalcitrant horses to proceed; but one very obstinate animal on Saturday last took a deal of persuasion.

So full is the river of practising crews that there is scarcely room for mere butterflies; but Oxford men are noted for their gallantry, and our Artist was enabled to take a picture of two very charming

Non-Members

who were navigating so unorthodox a craft as a canoe.

The fixing of the date of the Boat-Race was surrounded by so much difficulty that people actually found themselves speculating upon the possibility of the two committees not being able to agree, and, consequently,

No Race

taking place. This national calamity has been averted by altering the date from March 29 to the 26th. This will cause the race to be rowed about 5 p.m. on a Wednesday, and, no doubt, many thousands will see the contest who would not have done so had the original date been adhered to.

Two very important Rugby football-matches took place on Saturday. At Richmond was decided the return

Rowing at Oxford.

IN TRAINING ON THE ISIS FOR THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

all they can to collect reliable data, but the majority are what are called on the turf "wrong uns." There is one great golden rule for all. You may come across a tipster or tout who will find winners for you. No matter whether your informant appear to "spot" them or not,

Cut him Dead

if he wants to be allowed to back his tips for you or to introduce a commissioner. In either of the latter cases you are standing to lose, and cannot possibly win. I could fill a page of this paper with personal anecdotes of the scoundrels whose advertisements occupy so much space in presumably respectable papers. Will you credit me when I tell you that the surviving members of a gang of convicts, whose prosecution occupied many days, are proprietors of several so-called betting-offices? This is a very shocking state of affairs indeed. Shocking as it is, perhaps some of my readers may not consider me justified in giving it so much prominence as I do. They will not be of the same mind as a not inconsiderable minority who can bear me out in what I have said. These know by bitter experience how true my words are. No one can know much more than myself about the villains—no one not in the secret. I had special facilities for watching the proceedings years ago, and, what is more, knew the well-educated man who

Did Well at Cambridge,

but came down to be a sort of literary hack and framer of glowing descriptions to gull the public. Before he went wrong I knew him and his family. After his employers and associates had all got themselves convicted, and no more seemed likely to come from them, this worthy found me out, and wanted me to put him in the way of publishing a full, true, and particular account of the thieving system, giving all details of the chief operators' names, private lives, early surroundings, and the rest. In conclusion of bring an effective crew to Putney. The uncertain quantity in the Boat-Race is the result of Mr. Nickalls's choice; and it is by no means comforting to the Dark Blue party to find the unfortunately usual chopping and changing going on at a time when the Eight should be decided upon, and the men settling into their places. With so many of

Last Year's Eight

available, it is hoped that little need of further change will exist.

At the present season of the year, whatever may be the unfavourable contrast between the look of the town with its bright appearance at Commemoration in May, the river at Oxford is always attractive enough, for, besides the practice of the University Eight, there are the numerous

Torpids,

giving an immense amount of trouble to coaches on the towpath (when there is any), besides the crews practising for the

Clinker Fours.

I suppose that there are now practising on the Isis some five hundred undergraduate oarsmen, and in the course of the day one sees many phases of the process of learning to row, from the classically designated process of

Tubbing

to the Eight itself.

Now all is purely business, for there is little lounging about on the picturesque college barges—some of them, by the way, very much plainer inside than the exterior would lead one to suppose to be the case, one of their chief uses being to serve as bathing-houses; a morning plunge into the cold, and now very dirty, water being part of the daily programme of many undergraduates.

As is usual in winter, Oxford is in a state of flood, and coaches find it very difficult to proceed along the towpath.

North v. South,

in which a great amount of interest was taken, especially when it seemed highly probable that the North would reverse the result of the first match, and win. The gale had dropped, and the ground was in fine condition. Rarely in a football-match, particularly in so high-class a contest as this, are the hopes of the favourite side so quickly dashed as was the case on Saturday. Within

Three Quarters of a Minute

of Hancock starting the ball for the South, Stoddart and Fox, on that side, had made runs, Evershed had gained a try, and Rogers taken a place kick, and in another ten minutes Stoddart

Dropped a Goal.

This did not look much like a reversal of matters on the part of the North. During the second half Evershed gained another try, which Stoddart made into a goal, and later on Stoddart gained a try. Just towards the end the North gained a try rather luckily, the ball being kicked over the line and not secured by Mitchell. Gee's place-kicking qualities had their first chance, and he sent the ball over the bar. The South won by two goals and two tries (ten points) to one goal (three points).

At Cardiff a very keen match was played between

Scotland and Wales.

Scotland winning by a goal and two tries to a try, the Welshmen's point being got at the near corner—a score which, according to their ruling, is half as meritorious as a goal.

BANSHEE.

LIVER COMPLAINTS.—Dr. King's Dandelion and Quinine Liver Pills, without Mercury, remove Liver Complaints, Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, Constipation.—[ADVT.]

TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING.—See Illus. Guide. 220 pages, 3 stamps. Tobacconists' Outfitting Company (Reg.), Chief Offices, 188, Euston-road, London, N.W.—[ADVT.]

TEST THEM FREE OF CHARGE.
WHAT WE ARE PREPARED TO DO.

We are prepared to supply 25,000 clergymen with two packets of FRAZER'S SULPHUR TABLETS for gift and test among sick poor parishioners.

We are prepared to pay postage thereon (25,000 at 3d.), value £312 10s.

We are prepared to supply 250,000 of the general public with samples of FRAZER'S SULPHUR TABLETS, gratis and post free.

We are prepared to pay the postage thereon (250,000 at 1d.), value £1083 6s. 8d.

A WORD OF ADVICE.

Don't write for the samples simply because we offer them free of charge, nor because your neighbour does. Read our advertisement through to the end, and then decide whether you or yours need or would be benefited by the use of FRAZER'S SULPHUR TABLETS. We do not pose as philanthropists. This is a business offer. We have an article that we know from severe tests and from results achieved will sell on its merits if seen, tasted, and tested. Sulphur is the oldest, the best, and the safest remedy for the blood, for the skin, for the complexion, for rheumatism, and for constipation. FRAZER'S SULPHUR TABLETS are composed of sulphur incorporated with cream of tartar and other curative ingredients. They are much more efficacious than sulphur in milk or treacle. This has been proved time and again. They are liked. Men favour them, women hail them as a boon, and children think them as pleasant to eat as confectionery. They benefit all, and are as efficacious and curative as they are safe and agreeable.

£2,000 HARD CASH.

This was the sum we stood to lose, plus the cost of advertisements, if, when seen and tested, FRAZER'S SULPHUR TABLETS had failed to merit approval. Do us the justice to admit this is a fair test. We supply the samples free. We prepay the postage. All you do is to write a letter or postcard, and ask for them.

WHY DO WE TAKE THIS RISK?

This is what people ask us. We reply because those who write for the samples afterwards buy packets of FRAZER'S SULPHUR TABLETS by post from us or obtain them from chemists, stores, or medicine vendors. People likewise recommend and keep the tablets by them. The consequence is that we sell several hundred dozen packets weekly, and the sale is rapidly growing. This is trade by merit. The public have shown discrimination, and that they can appreciate merit, and it was in firm reliance that this would be the case that we were led to incur this risk.

DO I NEED THEM?

If you have Rheumatism, Yes. They will kill the decomposed and poisonous excess of uric acid in the blood, causing the disease.

If you have Constipation, Yes. They are a gentle, safe, and simple laxative, as suitable for children (in smaller doses) as for adults.

If you have Hemorrhoids, Yes. They relieve the congestion of venous blood at the affected parts, and afford marked relief.

If you have Ulcers, Scrofula, Scurvy, or other Impurities of the Blood, Yes. They neutralise the blood poisons causing the diseases, and expel them out of the system.

If you have Skin Disease or Eruption, Yes. They have a specific curative effect on all such, as they open the pores from internally, and free them from obstruction and disease taint. They likewise "scotch" where they do not kill the disease principle coming from the blood, which causes Eczema and other skin diseases.

TEST THEM FREE OF CHARGE.

Write us a letter or postcard, naming *Penny Illustrated Paper*, and we will send you samples of FRAZER'S SULPHUR TABLETS gratis and post free. They are for internal use for the Blood, Skin, Complexion, Rheumatism, and Constipation. They are put up in packets, price 1s. 1½d. (post free 1s. 3d.), and are for sale by most Chemists and Medicine Vendors.—Sole Proprietors, FRAZER and CO., 29, Ludgate-hill, London, E.C.

OUR PANEL PORTRAITS: THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

From the Photograph by Russell & Sons, Brompton-road, S.W.

MR. SPURGEON'S RETURN.

THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON is himself again. His annual holiday in the sunny South of France has set him up. Albeit there was a complete chorus of coughing from the vast congregation that filled the Metropolitan Tabernacle on Sunday morning last (a notable instance of the sad severity of the epidemic of influenza in London), Mr. Spurgeon's devoted flock was evidently right glad to see *him* in good health, and delighted to listen with rapt attention to his remarkably clear, resonant, and persuasive voice—a rough echo of the silvery voice that has gone"—we refer to the incomparable voice of the late John Bright in his prime.

* * * * *

That immense gathering in the Metropolitan Tabernacle on Sunday morning was surely far and away the largest religious assemblage in London. From his spacious pulpit, Mr. Spurgeon viewed an enormous congregation that filled the floor and the two tiers of galleries. It was manifest that he swayed this host almost as one person. The simple Evangelical service consisted only of a few prayers, some cheerful hymn-singing, an exposition of certain passages in the Bible, and an eloquent sermon, lasting about three quarters of an hour—a forcible example of Mr. Spurgeon's simple yet powerful style of pulpit oratory.

* * * * *

Mr. Spurgeon took his text from the seventh chapter of Revelations, "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more," and from the similar words in the forty-ninth chapter of Isaiah. He alluded to the searcher after Christian truths as a thirsty man; to the assistance given him by the Bible and religious thought, as a fountain of pure water. His hearers had perhaps seen a boy on a hot summer's day throw himself down on the ground and quench his thirst at a well. He would drink until he was satisfied, with no fears that he would drink the well dry. So it was with the true Christian. His water-supply came from an eternal source: it never failed. He wanted particularly to impress them with the fact that happiness on earth did not consist in the abundance of the things possessed by man. There had been saints who had spent their days in poverty and pain, and yet rest had been theirs for all that, for God so adapted the mind of those who loved Him and obeyed His commands that the heart was glad when all around was sorrow. True Christian people would neither hunger nor thirst. The Bible would teach them how to obtain the true happiness to which he had referred. The Book breathed its own soul into theirs, and made them feel inspired by it. It was a miracle-working book; it was wonderful to see the effect it had when it was read aloud to a small family circle morning by morning.

Mr. Spurgeon, all the while he was earnestly declaring his faith in the Bible, expressively turned over the leaves of the large bible on his lectern. Mr. Spurgeon went on to exhort his hearers not to be satisfied even with reading the book, but to search aloft with their own eyes, to ponder with their own thoughts, so that they might be able to enjoy the anticipation of the happy time when they would be personally shepherded by Christ Himself; when they would hear His voice and see His face; when they would know Him better than they did now. They had earthly shepherds, and when God was with them they prized them greatly, for He made them do good things in the world; but still they were earthly, and had their imperfections. From this circumstance they would see the blessedness of being shepherded, as he had said, by Christ Himself. A great many people were led by their own tastes and fancies, a great many more by other people. Those kind of men might go right, but they were not likely to. On the other hand, he who was led by God would be led to happiness. Their path might be rough at times, but it would be the right path nevertheless.

* * * * *

Mr. Spurgeon is undeniably a great master of plain English, and a thorough Englishman in personal temperament, in his sympathies, and in his manner. Charles Haddon Spurgeon is in his fifty-fifth year, having been born on June 19, 1834, at Kelvedon, in Essex. He was educated at Colchester, and became usher in a school at Newmarket; but, feeling a "call" to devote himself to the work of the gospel, it was proposed that he should enter one of the colleges for the Independent ministry, now usually styled Congregationalist, as his family belonged to that denomination. The Baptists, though a separate body, were then distinguished from the Independents by scarcely any other peculiarity than that of disapproving of infant baptism and requiring the baptism of adult believers. Spurgeon thought the Baptists were right, and in his early youth, going to live at Cambridge, joined the Baptist congregation there which at one time was presided over by the eloquent Rev. Robert Hall.

* * * * *

He soon became a district lay preacher and tract distributor, residing at the village of Teversham, near Cambridge, and at the age of seventeen was appointed pastor of a small meeting at Waterbeach. His fame as an effective preacher rapidly spread over that part of the country, and presently reached London. The pastorship of the church in New Park-street, Southwark, being then vacant, Mr. Spurgeon was invited to occupy the post in 1853, and this young man of nineteen gained so much success in London that the meeting-house could not hold the multitude of those who came to hear him. Before he had been there two years, funds were raised for its enlargement; and while the rebuilding was in hand, during four months his services were conducted at Exeter Hall, which was always filled on Sundays, large numbers of people being turned away from the doors.

* * * * *

The new meeting-house was still found too small, and the Surrey Music-Hall was engaged, where, in October 1856, the terrible disaster from a panic and crush on the staircase caused much loss of life. The immense building called the Tabernacle, at Newington Butts, near the Elephant and Castle, was constructed especially for Mr. Spurgeon, and was opened in 1861. It has continued to be the ordinary place of worship of his very large congregation.

* * * * *

Mr. Spurgeon has been the founder and chief manager of an excellent charitable institution, the Orphanage at Stockwell, the first stone of which he laid in 1867, and of a College for the education of Baptist Ministers. We hope that he will entirely recover, and that he will continue his career of religious usefulness for many years to come.

MR. STANLEY'S DISCOVERIES.

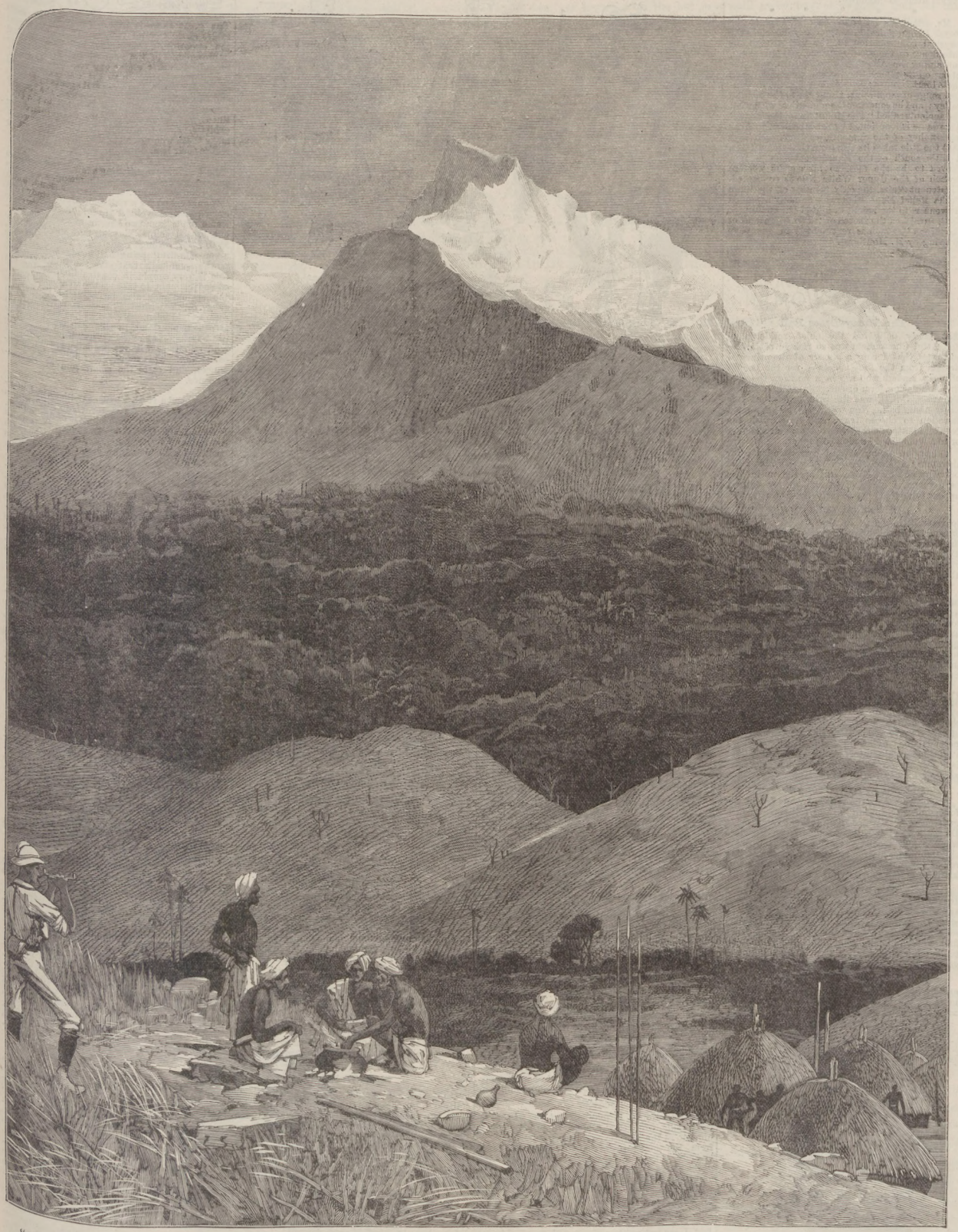
CONTINUING our Illustrations of Mr. Henry M. Stanley's Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, we give a Drawing of "The Mountains of the Moon" in Central Africa, and an Engraving of Mr. Stanley's cheery departure from the port of Mombasa on the Katoria. We trust Mr. Stanley's sojourn at Cairo (where he is writing his new book of African travel) will so brace him as to enable him to bear up against the fêtes of the London Season, and to sustain the fatigues of the lecturing tour being prepared for him.

* * * * *

The geographical discoveries made by Mr. H. M. Stanley's expedition in its route, accompanied by Emin Pasha, to the south of Lake Albert Nyanza, and west of Victoria Nyanza, through a region previously unexplored, are the latest addition to our knowledge of the wonderful interior of what has been called the "Dark Continent." They are of much scientific interest, apparently solving the question of the true source of the Upper White Nile, or rather of its western branch flowing through the Albert Nyanza—the eastern branch coming from the Victoria Nyanza—while they reveal also the position of the southern lake, hitherto vaguely spoken of as the "Muta Nzige," but henceforth named Lake Albert Edward Nyanza, in honour of the Prince of Wales.

* * * * *

The land between the Albert Edward Nyanza and the Victoria Nyanza, with a central line from north to south about the 31st degree of east longitude, rises into lofty mountain ranges. A few of their high summits, which had been only seen at a distance by Mr. Stanley in December 1887 and May 1888, were then named Mount Gordon Bennett, Mount Edwin Arnold, and Mount Lawson; and these are marked in the map of Central Africa published by Messrs. W. and A. K. Johnston in 1888. In June last year, many months after his distant sight of those mountains from the southern extremity of Lake Albert Nyanza, Mr. Stanley, with his second in command, Lieutenant Stairs, R.E., the expedition having travelled southward through the Unyoro country, crossing the Semliki River,



"THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON" ("RUWENZORI"), IN CENTRAL AFRICA, DISCOVERED BY MR. H. M. STANLEY DURING HIS LAST EXPEDITION.

and approaching the mountains through the valley of Awamba, were enabled to gain a nearer acquaintance with this remarkable feature of a region hitherto unknown.

* * * * *

Mr. Stanley's letter of Aug. 17, 1889, to the Royal Geographical Society clearly describes the physical conformation of the vast trough, or subsidence of the earth's surface, 230 miles long, containing the Albert Edward Nyanza, with the plains on its shores, the Semliki River valley, and the Albert Nyanza; he also describes the Ruwenzori range of mountains, rising above the Semliki valley; and he considers them identical with what the ancients called "The Mountains of the Moon." This name is mentioned by Scheabeddin, an Arab geographer of the fifteenth century, who says that the Nile takes its rise from those mountains, a little south of the Equator; which is now proved to be the fact, so far as the western branch of the Upper White Nile is concerned. Lieutenant Stairs, the only member of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition who actually ascended Ruwenzori to the height of 10,677 ft., on June 6, 1889, furnished the sketch of "The Mountains of the Moon" which is represented in our page drawing by M. Montbard.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

The Fancy-Dress Ball

that lately delighted the chief residents of delightful Cheltenham was so rich in attractive costumes that I copy a cluster of the principal dresses from the *Lady's Pictorial* for the benefit of lucky readers who are in a position to enjoy this fascinating form of entertainment. General Primrose, C.S.I., was the prime mover of this Cheltenham ball. You will own there is a good selection to choose from, and to furnish the requisite pattern either to your own dressmaker or to a recognised London costumier.

I have to thank several correspondents for their kind appreciation of my views about the bringing up of children, and special notice has been taken, I am glad to say, of my earnest appeal to mothers not to make Sunday a day of

Gloom and Misery

to their little ones. In the *English Illustrated Magazine* (a publication I should like to recommend to those of my readers to whom it is unknown) for this month I am glad to find a clergyman, the Rev. Prebendary Eyton, writing about "How to Spend Sunday." He says:—

"On the Other Hand,

much might be done to make Sunday a brighter day for the young. The perpetual 'Thou shalt not,' which forms so large a part of the dim and hazy instruction on the subject too often given in schools and families, is not only wearisome and oppressive, but tends to promote inevitable reactions. The distinction between Sunday games and weekday ones, or

Sunday Tunes

and weekday ones, is a relic of that hateful system which cut life into two, and left the thought of God's service out of work and play alike." Truer words were never spoken, except perhaps the following from the same pen: "Nothing is absolutely wrong on Sunday that is not wrong on weekdays, for Sunday does not alter or modify the great laws of

Right and Wrong."

It always makes me very sad when I read the following addition to an advertisement for a governess: "A strict disciplinarian required." Do those who make this requisition ever reflect what it may mean? It may bring poor little children under an iron rule untempered with one ray of kindness, and to deprive little children of kindness is like shutting out a plant from

Air and Sunshine.

It is alike injurious to their health, their tempers, and their dispositions. Another time I hope to write about the education of girls; but there is so much to be said on the subject that I am half afraid to begin, and I do not wish to harp too much on one note. I have been thinking a good deal lately on the subject of

Variety,

and I wish it were possible to introduce a little more of it into the middle-class homes of England. I am convinced that the dead level of sameness in many lives leads to both mental and physical depression, and sometimes drives those who are oppressed by it to the awful excitement of

Drink.

I think it would be a very good thing indeed, and decidedly a move in the right direction, if there were sometimes more liberty in this country in the individual choice of pleasures. And there would be, if we were not all so terribly afraid of "Mrs. Grundy"! This good woman will now probably be very

Much Shocked

with me for saying that I think it is, generally speaking—remember, I say generally speaking—the greatest possible mistake for families to go off in one batch for the annual holiday. Really and truly (and I can but hope that Mrs. Grundy will not give up the *Penny Illustrated* when she reads this), I think the members of families, especially those who have to live in small houses, see far too much of each other; and such constant intercourse is only endurable when, to quote a recent writer on this

Delicate Subject,

there is "that perfect love which endureth all things." Of course I am perfectly aware that there are husbands and wives who like to be always together, and to have their children with them. Then let them keep together, by all means; but even those bright exceptions do not alter my opinion that it would be well for many families to

Scatter

at holiday-time. It may be that the wife likes the seaside, while the husband would like to bury himself in the country, and enjoy himself "far from the madding crowd." Now, Madame Grundy, I know quite well that there are a lot of husbands—"selfish beasts": is that what you call them?—who make it a rule to go away and enjoy themselves, while the poor wives and children are left at home, and have to do without any

Holiday.

But I am not writing about such men. I know they exist, and I am sorry for them, but they were probably very badly and injudiciously brought up, so we must not be too hard upon them. And I must be allowed to remind you, Madame G., that selfishness is by no means confined to men. There are not a few

Wives in England

who allow their poor husbands to slave all the year round without any holiday, in order that they may have the means of amusing themselves and decking themselves out in smart clothes. However, the excuse I made for the selfish husbands applies to them also: they were probably

Badly Brought up.

Apropos to bad bringing up, were you not all very sorry, as I was, to see that two most respectable-looking women—"ladies" they were, of course, called in the report—a mother and daughter, were arrested for "shop-lifting" in Westbourne Grove the other day? I often think as I go through one of those large shops in

The Grove,

on what is called "Remnant Day" (a most detestable institution, to my mind, but useful in its way, no doubt), what a snare and temptation it must be to women who have very hazy notions of right and wrong (the latter, to so many, means being found out), to see piles of goods scattered about over the counters, and, apparently, very little watch kept by the

Shop-Walkers

or salesmen. I cannot think that the goods "lifted" by these infatuated women can give them any pleasure; and yet, I imagine, a good deal of pilfering goes on during these sale times that is never found out. I wonder what becomes of all the rubbish that is not sold? Why so much rubbish should be manufactured I cannot imagine; but no doubt the demand creates the supply.

MARGUERITE.

FANCY DRESSES AT THE CHELTENHAM COSTUME BALL.

A HOWLING SWELL.

Lord Salisbury is now reported to be convalescent. His medical advisers, however, urge that he should run no risk. All Foreign Office work is carried out by him at Hatfield, his secretaries being in daily attendance. It is understood that, as soon as the chief business attached to the opening of Parliament has been completed, the Premier will travel to the Riviera, or to some similiar health-restoring spot on the Continent.

"ANY DOCTOR WILL TELL YOU" there is no better Cough Medicine than KEATING'S LOZENGES. One gives relief; if you suffer from cough try them but once; they will cure, and they will not injure your health; they contain only the purest and simplest drugs, skilfully combined. Sold everywhere, in 13½d. Tins.—[ADVT.]

ALL IN SEARCH OF HEALTH should wear HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELT. It is guaranteed genuine, produces no shock, is comfortable to wear, and has cured thousands of sufferers from rheumatic and nervous affections, liver, and kidney diseases, &c. Book of testimonials, pamphlet, and consultation, free on application to THE MEDICAL BATTERY COMPANY, LIMITED, 52, Oxford-street, London, W. Those who cannot call should write at once, and procure one of these invaluable health appliances.—[ADVT.]

CYCLE & CAMERA

THE great show is over. There are no more cycles at the Crystal Palace. Those who missed the opportunity of seeing the novelties and improvements of the year when they were there brought together under one roof can now only do so by a pilgrimage to the establishments of all the cycle manufacturers and agents in London and throughout the country: indeed, the journey would probably have to be extended to the Continent to take in some of the most interesting exhibits. Even to attempt this pilgrimage would make those who did not go to the Stanley Show realise their loss.

Last week, in mentioning a few of the machines and contrivances best worth seeing, I ought to have referred to Mr. W. J. Cocks's stand, which certainly called for a visit and careful study from every practical cyclist. He exhibited a new cycle frame made from two lengths of steel tube without brazed joints, very strong, weighing only 9¼ lb., for strong roadsters. There was also a non-vibrating spring ball head, the fork rising on the same balls that give the rotary motion: this is very simple in construction, having but one adjustment to take up the wear of all parts; the spring may also be adjusted to suit the rider, or, if wished, it may be screwed up to form a rigid head. Mr. Cocks has also invented an attachable stand, by means of which a Safety can be supported and left standing erect in the road or street, without propping it up against something. This contrivance only weighs a few ounces, and costs the small sum of six-and-sixpence.

I have had a further look at Collier's instantaneous change gear, and for those who wish a two-speed gear, and who think it of use to them, I should say this was excellent. It is much simpler, and also much cheaper, than the Cryto gear, and will, therefore, most probably take its place.

The simplest chain adjustment was Buckingham's patent, shown by Buckingham and Adams, Limited. It is merely necessary to fit a wrench to the projecting end of the rear axle, and a slight turn adjusts the chain. As this adjustment can be fitted to any machine, and has already been taken up by many makers, it will probably save many spoiled suits of clothes, skinned knuckles, and much profanity. It seems to be admirable.

Much the simplest brake-holder that I have seen was Bostel and Loosley's: it looks useful, and is very cheap.

Chater Lea's patent chain guard, consisting of a flanged rubber band, covering the top and sides of the chain and revolving with it, protecting it from mud and dust, was really one of the novelties of the show. It is noiseless in action, and will, the makers say, keep the chain from rattling. One was shown which was said to have been run about ten thousand miles. It is sold by Linley and Biggs, the makers of the Whippet.

Another novelty was the Euclidia, a wheel-framed Safety. In fact, the frame was nothing but two wheels placed side by side, braced together, the steering bar in front, and the saddle behind. The hind wheel, of course, ran between them, and the front one was simply attached to the ordinary fashion. The design was extremely novel, and not ungraceful.

Dr. Richardson has put his trust in the Flexible Wing anti-vibration tricycle.

The neatest rational ordinary was one shown by the Coventry Machinists' Company. It was a beauty.

My comments on the C.T.C. general meeting at Glasgow have been supplemented by a letter from Mr. Phillips, in which he says that the resolution passed is *ultra vires*, and the general meeting has no power to dissolve the Board of Control or any other committee of the Council except by dissolving the Council itself. Therefore, unless a mere handful of members get together again and call themselves a general meeting, and dissolve the Council and wind up the club, or indulge in some other playful prank of this kind, it is probable that things will remain as they are—and they are at last beginning to go fairly well.

Mr. Richard Harrison writes from Brighton to call my attention to the death of Mr. James George Harrison. This sad event has already been extensively noticed in the Press, but it may not have been so generally pointed out that it was this gentleman who advised and urged the Coventry (Sewing Machine) Company, now the Coventry Machinists' Company (Limited), to persevere with their cycling department, as he foresaw the great future of the pastime. He lived to see his predictions more than verified. He also founded the Brighton Bicycle Club, the oldest provincial club in existence.

N. C. U.

Her Majesty's Theatre, in the Haymarket, was suddenly closed on the 30th ult. As about two hundred persons employed in the "Cinderella" pantomime thus found themselves thrown out of employment, an unusual scene occurred outside the building.

"CLEANING SILVER."—All difficulty in keeping silver, electro-plate, &c., untarnished and with a brilliant polish may be obviated by using GODDARD'S NON-MERCURIAL PLATE-POWDER. Sold everywhere, in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. Five gold medals awarded.—[ADVT.]

WHY DOES

A woman's health so often break down at an early age? Put a man at a washing-tub; let him get heated with the hot suds until every pore is opened; then let him stand over the filthy steam that comes from scalding and boiling clothes, and his health certainly would break down before long. And yet this terrible ordeal is exactly what

A WOMAN

Has to go through on washing days; and besides, while overheated at the hot work, she has to risk her life by going out into the open air to hang up the clothes. These facts, which are known to every housekeeper, readily explain why so many women

LOOK OLD

While yet young in years; and Physicians and Boards of Health cannot draw attention too strongly to the injurious effects of the usual way of washing, with its necessary steam, and scalding or boiling to get the clothes pure and sweet. **Fortunately, this trouble can be avoided.** Scalding, boiling, and steam done away with. Clothes made sweet and beautifully white, and much

SOONER THAN

By the old way, by using the **SUNLIGHT SOAP**—a soap so purifying and cleansing that the dirtiest clothing can be washed in **lukewarm water** with very little rubbing, and Clothes, Bedding, and Linen cleansed without either Scalding or Boiling, while the work is so light that a girl of twelve or thirteen can do a large wash without being tired. Now there is a remedy for the great "washing day" evil, **so economical in its use as to be within the reach of all,** there is not a woman or

A MAN?

Who is not directly interested in having introduced into their homes **THAT WONDERFUL WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES,** which, when **properly tried,** does away with the hard work, offensive smell, and fearful steam on washing day; and makes the White Pieces Whiter, Coloured Pieces Brighter, and Flannels Softer, than they can be made by washing the old way, and also leaves every article as clean and sweet and as pure as if never worn.

NOW FOR THE "SUNLIGHT" WAY OF WASHING.

FIRST.—Dip the article to be washed in a tub of **lukewarm water,** draw it out on a wash-board, and rub the soap **lightly** over it so as not to waste it. Be particular not to miss soaping it all over. **THEN** roll it in a tight roll, lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and go on the same way until all the pieces have the soap rubbed on them, and are rolled up

Then go away for thirty minutes to one hour and let the "Sunlight Soap" do its work.

NEXT.—After soaking the full time, commence rubbing the clothes lightly out on a wash-board, **and the dirt will drop out;** turn the garment inside out to get at the seams, **but don't use any more soap;** don't scald or boil a single piece, **and don't wash through two suds.** If the water gets too dirty, pour a little out and add fresh. If a streak is hard to wash, rub some more soap on it, and throw the piece back into the suds for a few minutes.

LASTLY COMES THE RINSING, which is to be done in lukewarm water, taking special care to get all the dirty suds away, then wring out and hang up to dry.

☞ THE MOST DELICATE COLOURS WILL NOT FADE WHEN WASHED THIS WAY WITH "SUNLIGHT" SOAP, BUT WILL BE THE BRIGHTER.

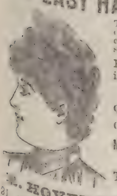
SPECIAL NOTICE. To keep linen "WHITE AS SNOW" be very careful to rinse all the dirty suds and lather out of the clothes when finished washing. SUNLIGHT SOAP loosens the dirt, and it is very important that all the dirt and lather be got out by one or two thorough good rinses.

GUARANTEE. The wonderful lathering and cleansing properties of SUNLIGHT SOAP are solely due to the purity and excellence of the materials, and the care bestowed on its manufacture.

ALL DEALERS ARE AUTHORISED TO RETURN PURCHASE-MONEY TO ANYONE FINDING CAUSE FOR COMPLAINT.

£1000 will be paid to anyone finding SUNLIGHT SOAP adulterated or to contain any injurious Chemicals.

THE EASY HAIR CURLER.



They will not entangle or break the hair, are effective and require no skill to use.

Each Curler being made in one piece, they cannot get out of order.

THE QUICKEST, CHEAPEST, AND MOST SIMPLE CURLERS EXTANT.

MADE IN FIVE COLOURS TO MATCH THE HAIR.

Twelve Curlers in a Box, 6d.

R. HOVENDEN & SONS,
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QUALITY THE TEST OF CHEAPNESS.

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CHOICE VEGETABLE SEEDS contains:—

4 Pints Peas for succession.
1 Pint Broad Beans.
1 Pint French Beans.
1 Pint Runner Beans.
1 Ounce Beet.
1 Packet Borecole.
1 Packet Brussels Sprouts.
1 Packet Broccoli.
1 Packet Savoy.
1 Packet Cabbage.
1 Ounce Carrot.
1 Packet Cauliflower.
1 Packet Celery.
2 Ounces Cress.
1 Packet Cucumber.
1 Packet Gourd.
2 Packets Lettuce.
1 Packet Leek.
1 Ounce Mustard.
1 Ounce Onion.
1 Packet Parsley.
1 Ounce Parsnip.
1 Ounce Radish.
1 Ounce Spinach.
2 Ounces Turnip.
1 Packet Vegetable Marrow.
2 Packets Herbs.
1 Packet Tomato.

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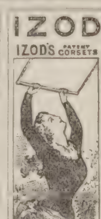

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HINDE'S PATENT CURLING PINS.

With one of these little instruments the moustache can, in a few seconds, without using heat or liquid preparation, be set at any desired angle. Used with one hand only, and easily carried in the waistcoat pocket.

Hinde's Patent Curlers are obtainable throughout the three Queendoms, at all Toilet Requisite Houses.

SIXPENCE THE BOX OF FOUR.

See that the name "Hinde's" is on the label, as spurious imitations are offered, which are absolutely useless frauds.

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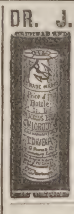
DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.



CAUTION:— GENUINE CHLORODYNE. Each Bottle of this well-known Remedy for COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, NEURALGIA, TOOTHACHE, SPASMS, &c., bears on the Government stamp the name of the Inventor,

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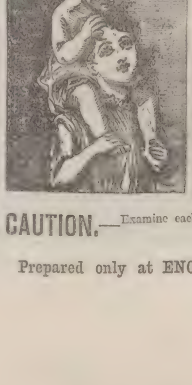

"WHO BEST CAN SUFFER BEST CAN DO."—MILTON.

The Victorian Reign is unparalleled in the History of Great Empires for its Purity, Goodness, and Greatness!!

ABOVE ALL!!!

A FEARLESS DEVOTION TO DUTY AND UNFLINCHING TRUTHFULNESS!

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The Conditions laid down by the QUEEN for the Prize given by HER MAJESTY to the Marine Boys are these:—**Cheerful Submission to Superiors; Self-respect and Independence of Character; Kindness and Protection to the Weak; Readiness to Forgive Offence; a Desire to Conciliate the Differences of others; and, above all, Fearless Devotion to Duty and Unflinching Truthfulness.**

"Such principles, if evoked and carried into action, would produce an almost perfect moral character IN EVERY CONDITION OF LIFE."—SMILES.

SHAKSPERE AND DUTY. "Come the three corners of the world in arms, And we shall shock them. Naught shall make us rue IF ENGLAND TO ITSELF DO REST BUT TRUE."

THE PIVOT OF DUTY.—Sterling Honesty of Purpose; without it Life is a Sham!

THE GREAT DANGER of POISONOUS ANILINE DYES, SUGAR, PINK or CHEMICALLY COLOURED SHERBET or ACIDULATED SHERBET MASKED with SUGAR.—Experience shows that sugar, aniline dyes, pink or chemically coloured sherbet, acidulated sherbet masked with sugar, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies are all very apt to disagree; while light white wines, and gin or old whisky largely diluted with seltzer water, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver. It possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health.

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THE COTTAGE SINGLE BED, BOLSTER, and PILLOW, 6 ft. 3 in. by 3 ft. 6 in., weighing 40 lb.	30s. 0d.
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WARRANTED NEW AND SWEET.

Any size Bed only 9d. per lb., including Feathers, in Strong Union (bordered) Tick, making, packing, wrapper, and carriage paid to any station in the United Kingdom. Samples of Feathers and Ticks, Price-Lists, &c., post-free.

For the convenience of Purchasers we have opened Branches at 178, Strand, London, W.C., and 55, Great Ancoats-street, Manchester, where Samples and Beds can be obtained personally; or by letter.

All orders must be accompanied by Cheque or P.O.O. (which, as security to purchasers, may be post-dated ten days) payable to NEWHAM and CO., Boston, Lincolnshire; THOS. DOWNS, 55, Great Ancoats-st., Manchester; or THOMAS SMITH, 178, Strand, London, W.C.

Feathers only 9d. per lb. The trade supplied. Please mention this Paper. A great reduction on three or more Beds.

FLORENCE PICTURED: THE CAMPANILE, FROM THE MARKETPLACE.

THE GREAT CITIES OF THE WORLD.

FLORENCE.—(Letter I.)

BY A LADY RESIDENT.

How many of my compatriots, after a hot and tiring day passed in a railway carriage—a day only interrupted by a hurried scramble for stale food at the Bolognese buffet in the early evening, have not forgotten all their wrongs of over-charged baggage, all their woes of bodily fatigue, as the

Magic Name of "Firenze"

is borne in upon their dulled and tired mental faculties! They are immediately aroused to an excited sense of expectant enthusiasm, such as can only be surpassed by the tourist's first glimpses between the mountains of the shining cupola of St. Peter's, or by his first view, from the deck of an Austrian-Lloyd, of the distant amber-coloured marbles that crown the heights of the Acropolis. Most of us, from our very childhood, have had our brains fed by more than the mere names of men like Dante, Savonarola, Machiavelli, Galileo, and the like; and our imaginations have been filled, from the days of the nursery, by the stories, both romantic and heroic, that make every turn and corner of modern Florence still teem with fleeting ghosts belonging to a quick-decaying mediæval past.

On arrival at

The Florentine Station,

however, all is modern and prosaic. You are sure to arrive half an hour late, and, what with the shriekings of railway horns and the piteous appeals for "facchini" (who are as scarce when wanted as are London policemen), your temper will be slightly ruffled. Still, in spite of the general confusion, the mismanagement, the chase after the blue-bloused "facchino," by the time your baggage has been claimed and mounted on to the top of a seedy little cab, and you are being rattled over the stone-paved streets to your hotel, you will have realised that you are really in Florence—and a very comfortable realisation it is! It is almost like a home-coming, you feel already you know it so well, and you immediately let down the window-blinds of the cab and look out to the right and to the left, in the hopes of seeing something interesting and characteristic before closing your eyes that first night in sleep.

And in all probability you will see much, if the cab take a right direction, and if you have the good fortune to arrive on a moonlight night, as I had. You will pass the

World-Famed Cathedral,

its great egg-shaped dome, its beautiful modern façade, rich in mosaics and statues, looking down benignantly majestic upon you, as you are hurried past its very door. The lovely tower (*campanile*) of Giotto, which flanks it to its right, will seem something almost too ethereal and dreamlike to be true; its mellow-toned marbles and its delicate traceries all bathed in such pure moonshine as we Northerners cannot imagine till we see, and can never forget after having seen. This campanile bursts upon one, I say, with such an intensity of beauty that at first sight one is half inclined to rub one's eyes, and ask oneself if it is not the creation of an over-excited imagination! But no, it is real: it has stood the storms, the heat, the winds of an Italian climate; it has looked down upon scenes of bloodshed and of civil war at its very feet, it has rung its bells to call its citizens both to arms and to prayer, for centuries past. Facing it, if you can tear your fascinated gaze away, you will see the famous

Old Baptistery—

"the baptistery of my gracious St. John," as Dante lovingly speaks of it in his exile, the only baptistery of Florence, where, for over a thousand years, all the great men who have made Florence famous in arts and learning, all its wicked and magnificent tyrants, and all its commonplace citizens have been equally christened into the Catholic religion. That dear little old gloomy building! Return to it in the early morning, when the sunlight, struggling through its narrow windows, just lightens up sufficiently its old mosaics, to show you the colossal Christ in its dome, lifting up His hands to bless you. Then, having looked up, look down, and study the beauties of its worn pavement. Some one compares the building to an old mother brooding over generations of her children who have passed away—"old, old, meditative still, lost in a deep and silent mournfulness." The simile is good, and its gloomy sadness is all the more striking as one enters it from the crowded, gay Piazza—crowded by a restless, moving life. How often have I, on a hot morning, escaped from the outside glare and heat to cool myself in its welcome shade, and to watch the baptism of some little twenty-four-hours-old Florentine citizen, who, wrapped in his quaint swaddling-clothes, is being held up to have his head sprinkled by the hot water used by the kindly old officiating priest—a ceremony which ends by the head being carefully dried and powdered by another musty fusty-looking old gentleman, who acts as sacristan. I always find that I am invariably more interested in the proceedings than either the priest or the infant's family, who seem charmingly indifferent to the whole ceremony.

But, to return. The bronze

Doors of the Baptistery

are glorious. Andrea Pisano executed the gate to the south of the baptistery, in 1330; the famous Ghiberti those to the north, in 1401; and, later on, the same artist worked those to the east (in 1447-56). "In modelling these reliefs," says Ghiberti in his Second Commentary, "I strove to imitate Nature to the utmost, and, by investigating her methods of work, to see how nearly I could approach her. I sought to understand how forms strike upon the eye, and how the theoretical part of sculptural and pictorial art should be managed. Working with the utmost diligence and care, I introduced into some of my compositions as many as a hundred figures, which I modelled upon different planes, so that those nearest the eye might appear larger, and those more remote smaller in proportion."

A wonderful work, truly! and one that took Ghiberti, according to Vasari, forty years to accomplish. Forty years! "Toute une vie d'artiste s'était écoulée en sueurs, et était tombée goutte à goutte sur ce bronze!" says Alexandre Dumas, writing of it in admiration.

The exterior of the baptistery is dwarfed by its close proximity to the loftier and more majestic pile of its successor—the Duomo. It is difficult to realise that for long years the baptistery was the cathedral, and continued to be so till one fine day, in the year of our Lord 1298, the proud Florentine citizens called upon one

Arnolfo di Cambio

to design what they wished to be "the loftiest, most sumptuous, and most magnificent pile that human invention could devise, or human labour execute."

And then Giotto was born, to lay the foundation of his "Lily" Tower, in 1334, to be followed by the great architectural genius of Brunelleschi, who in 1420, or thereabouts, raised his egg-shaped dome, which was to crown the whole—a dome so perfect that Michel Angelo himself, when incited to surpass it in beauty in designing the cupola of St. Peter's at Rome, truly and modestly confessed—

Io farò la sorella
Più grande già; ma non più bella.
(I will make her sister dome
Larger, yes; but not more beautiful.)

This same Michel Angelo, standing before one of Ghiberti's gates, in front of the baptistery, exclaimed that they "were worthy to be the gates of Paradise."

VERA.

FLORENCE PICTURED: ROMAN RUG-SELLERS ON THE LUNGARNO.

FLORENCE PICTURED: PIAZZA DELLA CALZA, PORTA ROMANO.

"BANSHEE" ON THE BICYCLE.

FATE has willed it that I should have enjoyed a remarkably intimate knowledge of the early life of the velocipede. Before I was in my teens I made friends with some working engineers who, to me, were magicians, for they used to make wonderful velocipedes out of

Gas-piping,

upon which they would race through the streets and country at a speed that was then considered marvellous, as was certainly their general appearance, for at times they would man their big machine with a crew of six, four of whom would work with hand and foot very much harder than anyone would care to do for his living. Then, while still a boy, I went to Germany, and immediately I became acquainted with a very similar individual, with whom I went for bone-aching rides, and who went so far as to make a machine which was

Driven by Steam,

the inconvenience connected with this vehicle being that the passenger nearest the boiler had things made unpleasantly warm for him. Like gunpowder, the velocipede was invented in more places than one, the German article being the product of the brain of a Baron Drais, the machine being always called by that name in Germany until the bicycle came into use. Returned to England, I could not keep away from the velocipede. Once I owned a tricycle, worked with the old levers, but made

Entirely of Iron,

the wheels being constructed very much on the lines now prevailing, that model being, of course, nothing new. So, as a matter of fact, I owned perhaps the first iron tricycle ever made. Then I was introduced to one Kelsey of Margate, who, with Sawyer of Dover, made hickory velocipedes of four wheels, but with the large wheels in front, the steering being done with a steering bar connected with the hind wheels. Until the bicycle came into use this was far and away the best machine ever made, and I have made very long journeys upon it, taking a large supply of luggage with me. The original "bone-shaker" never had a chance with us.

Then I was shown a picture of Michaux's bicycle, which was, of course, voted a fiction: but soon Messrs. Hill and Sparrow, who were the

Pioneers

of the bicycle in the West-End, and who, of course, happened to be intimate friends of mine, got new stocks of machines, and I was a constant attendant at Mr. Sparrow's riding-school at Knightsbridge, where, by the way, I saw made the very first bicycle that was constructed entirely of iron. What the history of the bicycle has been since then was presently eloquently indicated in the great Stanley Cycle Show at the Crystal Palace.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

TO DARKEN GREY HAIR.—LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER is the quickest, best, safest, and cheapest. Large Bottles, 1s. 6d. Everywhere.—[ADVT.]

TO ATHLETES.—CADBURY'S COCOA is absolutely pure and contains, in a concentrated form, admirable nutritive flesh-forming qualities, strength, and staying power. [ADVT.]

SKETCHES IN THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE'S COURT LAST MONDAY: MR. BARNUM IN COURT; AND MR. ASQUITH, Q.C., M.P., ANNOUNCING THE SETTLEMENT OF MR. PARNELL'S ACTION AGAINST "THE TIMES."

HERALDS OF PARLIAMENT: THE RIVAL BILL-STICKERS.

GARDENING IN SEASON

BY OUR SPECIAL GARDENER.

Such a mild January as the one we have just passed through is very unusual: indeed, I do not myself remember such a long continuance of genial weather at this time of year before. Everything is, in consequence, in an abnormally forward condition: snowdrops, crocuses, primroses, and other spring flowers are already in bloom in many places, shrubs making fresh growth again, and roses, in some cases, showing their buds. A sudden change to sharp frost would be very destructive just now, though colder weather is really wanted. Such a state of things has, however, afforded a splendid opportunity for getting on with all kinds of outdoor work, and this ought, in consequence, to be in a very forward condition.

Sow a few

Hardy Annuals,

such as mignonette, cornflower, sweet peas, and candytuft, on a warm south border. These will succeed the autumn-sown batch, which are now growing fast, and must be well looked after and thinned out. Cornflowers may be transplanted if too thick; dust the patches or rows with ashes, soot, and lime, to protect them from the ravages of

Slugs,

which are likely, after so mild a winter, to be as great a nuisance as they were last year. An easy and good way to destroy these pests is to make holes here and there in the borders with an ordinary dibber; into these the creatures are sure to crawl the first mild night, when a reinsertion of the dibber, giving it a sharp twist, will destroy them without any trouble or unpleasantness.

Indoors the

Propagation

of such plants as fuchsias, heliotropes, verbenas, lobelias, double petunias, and others must now be commenced forthwith. The cuttings need not be very long, two or three inches being quite sufficient. The best are nice stubby side-shoots, taken off with a "heel"; insert them in well-drained pots, filled with a mixture of loam, leaf-mould, cocoanut fibre, and sand, five or six in the 3½-in. size, and plunge them in a nice bottom heat of about 70 deg., and in two or three weeks they will nearly all be rooted.

Verbenas,

and single petunias as well, are, however, in my experience, best raised from seed. These should be sown this month—the first in pans or boxes of rather rough soil, loam, and leaf-mould, and the latter in finer material, but both well drained, and placed in a temperature of 60 to 65 deg. Seedlings of these and many other plants possess twice the vigour of those raised from cuttings, and throw finer flowers as well. Sow also seed of

Cannas,

wigandias, cineraria maritima, centaureas, grevilleas, eucalyptus, acacia lophantha, aralias, and other plants used in subtropical gardening: also of maurandys, lophospermums, eccremocarpus, and cobæa scandens, all of which useful climbers need a long season of growth. Dahlia roots should be placed in heat to start and afford cuttings.

What a great fuss has been made about the wonderful

Weather Plant

(Abrus precatorius) lately! The real truth is that it is a very pretty hothouse climber, common enough in India and other tropical countries, whose finely divided leaves (like those of the common sensitive plant) are extremely sensitive not only to the touch but also to any local atmospheric disturbance; but its power of forecasting the weather is much inferior to that of a good barometer. A packet of the pretty scarlet seeds can now be obtained of any respectable seedsman for a shilling.

Vegetable Garden.

Here a small quantity of such seeds as the Queen or other good early onion, early horn carrots, and turnip radish, with a few more peas and beans, should be sown on a warm south border of light rich soil, for an early crop. A first sowing of

Brussels Sprouts

should also be made, the earliest batch being always the most productive; sow in a frame with gentle bottom heat, or in boxes in the greenhouse. A little seed of an early cabbage, such as the new French etampes, or Ellam's early, also a bit of a red kind for pickling, and some white Paris cos and cabbage lettuce, may also be sown in the same manner. It is time, too, to start a bit of

Celery,

the kind known as the Sandringham dwarf white being, perhaps, the best for early work. Sow in light rich soil, in a gentle heat, and keep moist.

Autumn-sown onions should be planted out in deep rich soil at 6 in. apart for medium-sized bulbs (always the most useful), and 12 in. if for exhibition. Forward lettuces and cabbage may also be planted out on a warm border, and some cauliflowers under hand-lights. Prick off seedling tomatoes into boxes, and keep cucumbers potted on and growing as fast as possible. In the

Fruit Garden

pruning should be brought to a conclusion at once, finishing off with peaches, apricots, and nectarines against walls. Get some kind of protection ready to shield the blossoms from the frost and cold winds that so frequently occur in spring. A little attention in this way will often save the crop, but do not apply it until the blooms begin to expand.

The contents of the

Fruit Room

should be examined carefully and frequently. Late apples and pears often keep better in boxes or drawers than if more exposed, especially if the atmosphere of the room is at all dry. How strange it is that good late fruit is always so scarce and dear as it is just now; nothing but foreign produce is to be had! And why can we not grow our own? The

Vines

in the early house are now in full growth, and the young shoots should be thinned, tied out, and stopped at one joint beyond the fruit as soon as this can be perceived. Keep the temperature about 60 deg. at night. Young vines may now be raised from single eyes cut from the old plants. Place them singly in small pots, and plunge these in a brisk hot-bed.

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Dejected Youth: "Yes, but another young man had already given her one just like it, and I would like to exchange it for a wedding present."

ON THE MAKE.

Effie's Brother: "Do you love my sister Effie?"

Effie's Steady Company: "Why, Willie, that is a queer question. Why do you want to know?"

Effie's Brother: "She said last night she would give a crown to know; and I'd like to scoop it in!"

WHAT ARE THE EPISTLES?

Sunday-school Teacher: "Now, tell me what the Epistles are?"

First Scholar: "I dunno."

Second Scholar: "I does."

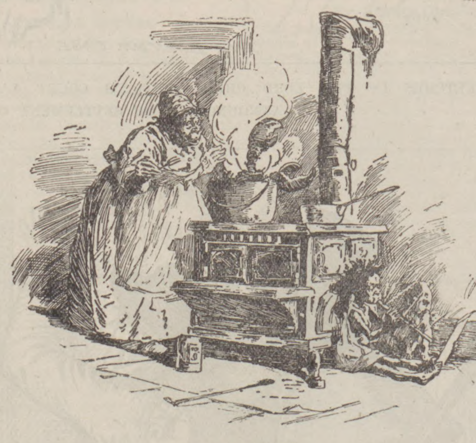
Teacher: "Well, Johnny, what are the Epistles?"

Second Scholar: "The Epistles are the wives of the Apostles."

A LIGHT DAWNS UPON TOMMY.

Tommy: "Pa, old Miss Yellowby has just been here and brought you a birthday present—another pair of slippers. That's the fourth pair you've gotten. Why do people always give preachers slippers, and nothing else, Pa?"

The Rector: "Because preachers' soles are said to be worse than those of anybody else, Tommy."



COMPASSION.

Mrs. Frelinghuysen.—"Bress mau heart! 'f I'd knowed d' pore thing would squeal so, I would n' a biled him."

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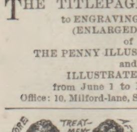

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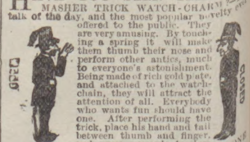

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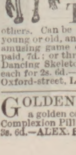

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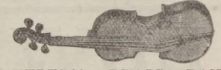

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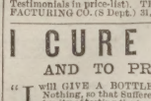

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HAVE YOU A COUGH?
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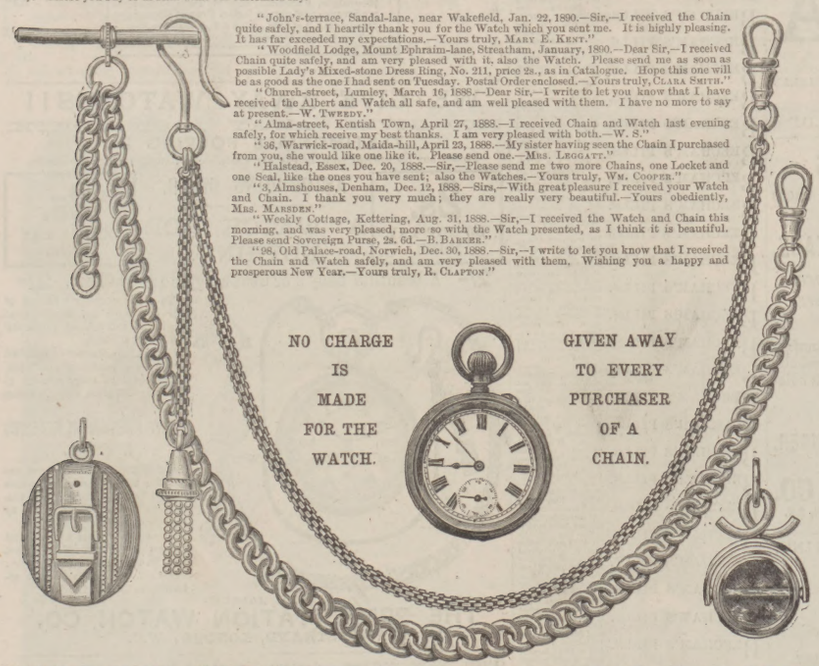

"John's-terrace, Sandal-lane, near Wakefield, Jan. 22, 1890.—Sir,—I received the Chain quite safely, and I heartily thank you for the Watch which you sent me. It is highly pleasing. It has far exceeded my expectations.—Yours truly, MARY E. KENT."

"Woodfield Lodge, Mount Ephraim-lane, Streatham, January, 1890.—Dear Sir,—I received Chain quite safely, and am very pleased with it, also the Watch. Please send me as soon as possible Lady's Mixed-stone Dress Ring, No. 211, price 2s., as in Catalogue. Hope this one will be as good as the one I had sent on Tuesday. Postal Order enclosed.—Yours truly, CLARA SMITH."

"Church-street, Lumley, March 16, 1888.—Dear Sir,—I write to let you know that I have received the Albert and Watch all safe, and am well pleased with them. I have no more to say at present.—W. TWEEDY."

"Alma-street, Kentish Town, April 27, 1888.—I received Chain and Watch last evening safely, for which receive my best thanks. I am very pleased with both.—W. S."

"36, Warwick-road, Maida-hill, April 23, 1888.—My sister having seen the Chain I purchased from you, she would like one like it. Please send one.—MRS. LEGGATT."

"Halstead, Essex, Dec. 20, 1888.—Sir,—Please send me two more Chains, one Locket and one Seal, like the ones you have sent; also the Watches.—Yours truly, WM. COOPER."

"3, Almshouses, Denham, Dec. 12, 1888.—Sirs,—With great pleasure I received your Watch and Chain. I thank you very much; they are really very beautiful.—Yours obediently, MRS. MARSDEN."

"Weekly Cottage, Kettering, Aug. 31, 1888.—Sir,—I received the Watch and Chain this morning, and was very pleased, more so with the Watch presented, as I think it is beautiful. Please send Sovereign Purse, 2s. 6d.—B. BAKER."

"98, Old Palace-road, Norwich, Dec. 30, 1888.—Sir,—I write to let you know that I received the Chain and Watch safely, and am very pleased with them. Wishing you a happy and prosperous New Year.—Yours truly, R. CLAPTON."

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The only perfect substitute yet invented. The new Gold and Diamonds are perfect in every respect, imitating in appearance 18-ct. Gold and Diamonds of the first water. Having been tested, we are confident of their wear. They will stand all Waters, Acids, Alkali, Heat, &c., the Gold being one colour throughout, and beautifully finished. The Stones are set by experienced setters, the lustre rendering them equal to the most expensive Diamonds.

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Equals 22-ct., and is stamped: has as good an appearance: answers same purpose: will stand all waters.
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White or Mixed Stones. Very handsome.
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Diamond and Ruby Eyes. Can be worn by Lady or Gentleman.
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Beautifully engraved. With Polished Buckle.
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Beautifully chased and well finished, equal to one costing 50s.; detection defied. Post-free, 1s. 6d.

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Most fashionable setting (The Jubilee). No more £20 ones required—this is as good. Post-free, 1s. 6d.

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Our latest Design. Can be had in any kind of Stones, Pearls, Corals, Rubies, &c. Style, quality, and economy combined. Post-free, 2s. 6d.

Handsome Buckle with One Splendid Brilliant.
Can be worn without fear of detection.
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Very handsome (our specialité): mixed stones, wear guaranteed: equal to one costing £5.
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Very neat and handsome, having Five Pearls, undetectable from the real stones. Post-free, 1s. 6d.

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A Perfect Gem. A Pretty Present.
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Really Marvellous Value. Selling in Thousands.
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"Highbury House, St. Leonards, Jan. 23, 1890.—Dear Sir,—I thank you very much for the ring you sent me this morning. Your prices are next to nothing, and the articles very handsome.—Yours sincerely, EDWARD J. FORD."

"28, Dominick-street, Mullingar, Westmeath, Jan. 23, 1890.—Gentlemen,—I received the two rings this morning, and am very much pleased with them. Those who have seen them praise them very much. I shall recommend your goods in this town. I send you herewith 3s. 9d. for chain and locket.—Yours respectfully, "BERNARD REILLY."

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